The Outlook

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Two Significant Appointments

President Roosevelt has emphasized his purpose to use his office for the benefit primarily of the Nation, by appointments of men of the highest character to office in two recent instances. In Delaware he has appointed W. H. Heald to be Postmaster at Wilmington, in place of H. C. Brown, removed. The latter is an Addicks Republican, whose accounts were recently found to be incorrect to the extent of $1,205, a deficiency which was, however, promptly made good. The President, however, insisted upon a change, and in making it has appointed (we quote from the New York "Evening Post") "a regular Republican of the most pronounced type, and one who worked for weeks last winter to prevent the success of Addicks during the last session of the Legislature." This may not indicate that the President intends to exert any active influence in the party strife in Delaware, but it demonstrates that he will not allow Federal appointments to be used to strengthen a corrupt faction and a corrupt leader. Much more important is the President's appointment of the Hon. Thomas G. Jones to be Federal Judge in the Middle District of Alabama. Mr. Jones is a Gold Democrat, a former Governor of the State, and in the recent State Convention was a strenuous opponent of the crime of lynching, whether directed against negroes or others. He is opposed to any discrimination by the law between the races, and in all these respects represents the highest type of Southern character. A trusted correspondent of The Outlook in a private letter characterizes the man and the spirit in which his nomination has been received: "A man of the rugged type, full of simplicity, learning, courage, and native force; a soldier of the truest temper, but as tender and as considerate as a woman. I have never known a man to have the intense personal affection of so large a number of our people. His desk to-day is a veritable wilderness of congratulations—from the highest representatives of our commercial and industrial life, as well as from the ex-slave and the obscure laborer. When asked yesterday to displace one of the Republican officials of the court and to substitute a member of his own party, he said, 'Do you think when a Republican President forgets party considerations and appoints a Democrat that the Democrat must be so indecent as to ignore the precedent? This office will be administered with an eye single to the interests of integrity and efficiency.'" We believe that this appointment is good politics, and will do much to secure for the Republican party in the South a respect which it has not hitherto enjoyed. But this is a matter of small consequence compared with the fact that it is good patriotism, and will secure for the Federal Court in that district a degree of respect which could not have been secured for it if party considerations had controlled in the appointment. It is said that no appointment similar to this has been made since the Civil War, except when President Harrison appointed Howell E. Jackson, a Tennessee Democrat, to the Supreme Court.

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The New York Campaign: Mr. Shepard's Acceptance

Mr. Shepard read his address accepting the Democratic nomination for Mayor of New York City on Tuesday night of last week, before the notification committee at a private residence. The address was long and rather involved—an elaborate explanation and defense rather than an aggressive beginning of a fight for a principle. Mr. Shepard deprecated the idea that the election of either Mr. Low or himself could be calamitous, and asserted roundly,

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but without a particle of proof, that Mr. Low's nomination was partisan, and was dictated by the Republican organization. On the contrary, it is well known that the Republican leaders openly agreed to accept a Democratic candidate if one could be agreed upon by their Democratic allies, that Mr. Platt repeatedly stated his preference for this course, and that the fusion ticket contains more Democratic than Republican names. Mr. Shepard asserted that his hatred of corruption, oppression, and wrong continued, but refrained from admitting directly their present existence in the city government. As to the police situation he merely said:

> I promise you and the Democratic party of this city, and its entire people, if my nomination be ratified at the polls, that, from the first of January, 1902, until the end of 1903, the Police Commissioner of the City of New York, if I shall live so long, will, barring interference from Albany, be, in effect, the man who is Mayor of the city, acting through a competent, honest, resolute citizen who shall at all times, whether in season or out of season, whether by day or by night, practically enforce the standard which the Mayor himself, upon his sole conscience and in view of his own undoubted power and responsibility, sets up for police administration.

Mr. Shepard declared himself opposed to "sumptuary laws," promised that his administration would not ally itself with vice, indorsed the platform as to public franchises, schools, and municipal ownership, and asserted that he would take office, if elected, "with absolute and unqualified freedom from obligations express or implied, direct or indirect." He also said that, if elected, his administration would be "non-partisan in the true and only possible sense, that no use of the money or power of the entire people shall be made, and no employment of their agents had, except for the interest of the whole city and of all its people, as well those in political minority as those in political majority." At the same time he spoke with fervor of the claims of the Democratic party to honor and trust. The naming of the candidates for the minor offices brought out one surprise—the nomination by Tammany for District Attorney of Henry W. Unger. Justice Jerome, Mr. Unger's opponent, has publicly charged that this nomination was made at the dictation of Frank Farrell, the head of the "gambling combine."

Mr. Shepard's Definition of the Issues

Mr. Shepard's speech of last Saturday night in Brooklyn, on the campaign issues, is as significant as his speech of acceptance, indeed in some respects more so. It is clear-cut, definite, and wholly unevasive. He devotes this speech to three issues: the police question, the school question, and the question of partisanship. On the school question he and Mr. Low are agreed in demanding adequate provision for the teaching of all the children of the city in wholesome, well-lighted, well-heated, well-aired school-houses. The people of New York on this question have simply to determine whether they are more likely to get such provision for their children from Tammany, which has systematically refused it, or from the non-partisan party which under Mayor Strong furnished it. On the question of partisanship Mr. Shepard endeavors to make his hearers believe that Mr. Low is merely the candidate of the Republican party, and, after describing Mr. Low's position in 1897, he asks the question to which he evidently expects all his hearers will give the same answer, "Is it the Republican party which has changed, or is it Seth Low who has changed?" We answer unhesitatingly that it is perfectly clear that Seth Low has not changed, but stands on the same non-partisan platform and for the same non-partisan administration as in 1897, and that the Republican party has changed, having definitely abandoned its principle of partisan nomination and administration and accepted definitely the principle of non-partisan nomination and administration. On the police question Mr. Shepard raises an issue which we think of practical interest and importance to the citizens of all great cities. Mr. Low has declared explicitly that in case of his election he will remove the present Police Commissioner and his assistant, Mr. Devery, whose administration has been proved by judicial proceedings to be tainted with blackmail, and whose methods of administration have been and are a public disgrace to the city. Mr. Shepard declines to make any similar pledge, and grounds his declination on the oath of office which he must take, that "he has contributed no money or valuable thing as a consideration or reward for the giving or with-

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holding a vote at the election, . . . and that he has not made any promise to influence the giving or withholding of any such vote." Apparently Mr. Shepard regards this oath as prohibiting a candidate from making any pledge as to his public conduct in office, for the purpose of securing the suffrages of his fellow-citizens. He declares explicitly that he will go into the office of Mayor as a juror goes into the jury-box, with an unprejudiced mind to hear and consider the question whether Mr. Murphy and Mr. Devery are the proper persons to hold their present positions. And he defines with great clearness his notion of his prerogatives and powers and those of the people in the following sentence:

> Let there be no mistake. You are not to elect me Mayor unless your conception of my faculties makes you wish me, apart from the plain obligation of the Constitution and law, to be absolutely free on the first of January to use the powers of my office according to my conscience and the facts which I shall then rigorously ascertain at first hand.

We do not here discuss the position which Mr. Shepard thus assumes any further than to express our absolute and unequivocal dissent from it, as unrepublican and undemocratic. The notion that the oath of the officer elected, that he has not made any promise to influence the giving or withholding of a vote, prohibits him from making pledges before the election respecting the public policy which he will carry out if elected, in order that the people may know what kind of an administration they will receive under his direction and control, appears to us to be one which cannot be taken seriously by any voter who gives to it any considerable reflection. The people of the city have the right to determine whether they wish to retain such a police administration as that which Tammany has given them for the past four years and is now giving them; they have a right to elect a man as Mayor for the very purpose of putting an end to that administration; and they have a right to know explicitly, from him, whether or not he will execute their will. The police administration and the men who are carrying it on are now on trial before the people, who are themselves the jury and who are to render their judgment on the issues made up before them, and the Mayor is the executive officer to enforce their judgment when it is rendered, not an emperor to render judgment in their stead. Whatever Mr. Shepard's position in National politics, his Brooklyn speech makes it clear that in city politics he is an imperialist, and that the issue in New York is not only between a partisan and a non-partisan administration, but also between imperial and democratic ideas in municipal affairs.

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Dr. Low and Columbia University

To the force of his letter of acceptance Dr. Low has now added the weight of a formal surrender of his honorable position as President of Columbia University, in order to give himself body and soul to the campaign for the redemption of the city from corruption, blackmail, and political incompetency. In this action he has evidenced both his consecration to the work of redeeming the city and his faith in the ability of the better forces to secure control once more of the government. It ought to be understood that this is not a political struggle; it is a moral struggle between the forces that make for integrity, honesty, and ability, and the forces of moral disintegration. Tammany Hall is a political organization only in name; it has become a band of public plunderers. The fight demands, therefore, religious zeal and religious devotion. During twelve eventful years in its history Dr. Low has directed the growth and shaped the policy of Columbia with a grasp, foresight, and practical sagacity which have borne fruit in a new conception of the function of the University and a new appreciation on the part of the citizens of New York of its value and significance as a part of our municipal life. The institution, during Dr. Low's administration, has become a university in the full sense of the word. It has been moved from narrow and inconvenient quarters into a commanding situation, and so nobly housed as to furnish an architectural standard for Morningside Heights, so that it requires very little prophetic grasp to foresee the time when that section will be the center of a great group of buildings devoted to religion, education, and philanthropy, and expressing in worthy architecture the higher ideals of

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New York life. A college-bred man, a student and thinker, Dr. Low entered upon the presidency of Columbia without previous experience of university work; his admirable judgment, his knowledge of men, his breadth of view, and his capacity for growth have all contributed to the success which has crowned twelve years of work. Whatever may be his future services to the city of New York, he has already laid the community under lasting obligations for the permanent advancement and enlargement of its highest interests.

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Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler

Dr. Low has been greatly aided by his judgment of men, a quality which great organizers almost invariably possess. This has enabled him to call about him experts in various departments, and to avail himself of their knowledge and judgment. It is natural, therefore, that, when the question of his successor comes up, the Faculty of the University should be looked to first as furnishing a suitable candidate, and it was inevitable that the name of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler should at once become prominent. Dr. Butler is undoubtedly the foremost man of his years in educational circles in this country. The line of succession of educational leadership which, in the older generation, belongs to Presidents Eliot and Gilman and to Dr. Harris, and in the next generation to Dr. G. Stanley Hall, includes in the younger generation Dr. Butler, who has united in a very uncommon degree wide knowledge of philosophical aspects of teaching and of the principles of education with grasp of actual conditions in this country, an unusual knowledge of men, and great faculty of organization. Both as a thinker and as an organizer in the educational field Dr. Butler's work has already borne remarkable fruitage. From the very beginning he has stood resolutely for the scientific basis of education, and has strenuously fought to have it made a university subject, and put on a basis with the other great subjects of human knowledge. The Teachers' College, now affiliated with Columbia University, is an illustration of his conception of the way in which education ought to be treated. The result of this attitude has not only been to lift education on a much higher plane, but it tends steadily to dignify and to solidify the profession of teaching in the country. It was largely due to Dr. Butler's energy that, through the labors of the Committee of Ten, which included many of the most distinguished American educators, there has been a reorganization of secondary school work of the highest importance. To his skill and persistence has also been largely due the organization of the College Entrance Examination Board. His methods are practical, his skill in dealing with men is based on frankness, the avoidance of antagonism, and the recognition of good work and good qualities; and general confidence in the disinterestedness of his aims has enabled him to allay misapprehensions and avoid antagonisms to a remarkable extent. He has been President of the National Educational Association, has delivered many addresses on educational topics in all parts of the country, and is perhaps as widely known among teachers, both here and abroad, as any other American. It would seem as if Dr. Butler were predestined to be the head of some university.

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The Campaign in Philadelphia

The political contest in Philadelphia is being carried on with as much vigor and earnestness as that in New York. The amount of political corruption in the city may be judged by the recent compilation from official court records of over four hundred indictments now pending against election officers for having received illegal ballots and made false returns. It is said that many of these officers have forfeited bail or fled. The Philadelphia press is almost unanimously in favor of the reform movement, which supports District Attorney Rothermel, who procured most of the indictments just referred to, while his opponent, Mr. Weaver, is a political creature of the Ashbridge machine. Philadelphia parallels New York in the peculiar position of being governed by a corrupt partisan political machine and at the same time having an efficient and vigorous District Attorney bitterly hated by the machine. Mr. Philbin in New York and Mr. Rothermel in Philadelphia in no inconsiderable degree prevent politi-

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cal corruption from sweeping over the entire municipal government. The Philadelphia "Record" declares that the evidence of municipal brigandage and of fraud on the ballot leads by unmistakable lines straight to the City Hall. The Republican machine candidate for the District Attorneyship, Mr. Weaver, has proposed a joint debate on the issues of the campaign with Mr. Rothermel—on its face a fair proposition, but rendered unfair and deceptive by the fact that official propriety makes it impossible for the District Attorney to discuss in public indictments now outstanding, indictments which it is his duty to press to trial. The machine candidates are making a strong effort to put to the front National questions, such as the tariff, but this attempt to blind the eyes of the voters is perfectly obvious. The real difficulty lies in the inertia and supineness of the average partisan voter. The Democratic machine is running a separate party ticket, unquestionably in secret alliance with the Republican machine.

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England and Persia Two events have reawakened interest in Persia. The first was the recent clearing for action of the decks of three British gunboats at Kuweit, on the Persian Gulf, and the consequent backdown of the Turkish Government. A year ago attention was attracted to Persia when Russia decided to build a railway from the Caspian Sea to the Persian Gulf, a decision followed by a decision on the part of Germany to build a railway through western Persia from the Mediterranean to the Gulf. England's interest is, however, greater than the interest of either Russia or Germany. England must protect India. All South Africa will be British, thus keeping the Cape of Good Hope route in the power of India's ruler. The absorption of Egypt by England has had British protection of the Suez Canal route as its vital ground for being, while the proposed railway from Egypt across Arabia and southern Persia to India is another step in the same direction. Now that Russia and Germany have publicly shown what they have been considering privately, Great Britain of necessity has become vigorous in action. The various Turkish sheiks on the Arabian coast bordering Persia have long been in a state of semi-independence. When the recent insurrection arose, however, the despatch of Ottoman troops by the Sultan to quell the difficulty seemed inconsistent with his previous course; at all events, it aroused the ire of the sheiks and they appealed to the British Government to uphold them in their position of semi-independence. The response was made. The result has been a strengthening of British influence in a part of the world where it is needed. The event may seem insignificant in itself; but the consequences to which it may lead are momentous.

❀

England and Afghanistan The other event was the death last week of the Ameer of Afghanistan. Perhaps the most interesting book in the admirable series "Public Men of To-Day" was on Abdurrahman Khan of Afghanistan. Until that book's appearance many students of Asiatic politics had hardly realized that an Oriental monarch could show real Occidental energy in accomplishing reform. Such a monarch was Abdurrahman Khan. None of his predecessors ever evinced as much strength in government, especially in consolidating the rebellious tribes with his own tribe of Baruksir. Although Abdurrahman was astute enough to see that his real interests lay with England rather than with Russia, he was clever enough not to bind himself to the former by anything but a very loose alliance. He also saw that Afghanistan would be in better condition if the border wars which had existed were to be emphatically a thing of the past. Therefore he put an end to such conflicts, at the same time affirming the independence and integrity of his own realm. The result has been a gain for civilization, not only in Afghanistan itself, but also in Russia to the north and India to the south. It is not surprising that the death of such a ruler becomes the principal theme of editorials in all the Russian and English papers. The questions they are asking are, Will the new Ameer, Habibulla Khan, be strong enough to hold all the Afghan tribes beneath his sway? and, secondly, will he be able to preserve Afghanistan as a buffer State? If Habibulla is a weak

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man, the union now existing between the Afghan tribes will disintegrate, with a consequent resumption of intrigue on both Russian and British boundaries. Fortunately for the peace of the world, conditions on those boundaries are different from what they were years ago. The telegraph and the railway are agents, not only of commerce, but of peace. Nevertheless, Abdurrahman's death calls renewed attention to the fact that the personal capacity and the will of an absolute monarch form in time a known quantity on which the fate of his own and of other nations depends. That element is now changed for an unknown quantity; and upon the determination of its real nature may depend the possibility of a conflict which might involve, not alone the Afghan borders, but the continents of Europe and Asia.

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Miss Stone's Captivity Last week there was an increase in the ransom fund now being raised in this country for Miss Ellen M. Stone, the missionary held by twenty or more brigands in the Balkan Mountains; but the fund has not yet reached the sum demanded by them. They have been located on the mountainous Turko-Bulgarian frontier near Dubnitza. Among those well informed on Balkan affairs opinions differ as to the character of these captors. Some believe them to be irresponsible brigands moved solely by a wish to secure a large ransom. Mr. Dickinson, American Consul at Constantinople, and other observers, however, are convinced that the ex-members of the Macedonian Committee instigated the abduction. The aim of this Committee is the forcible freeing of Macedonia from Turkish rule by Bulgarians. Apparently with the sanction of the Bulgarian authorities, certainly not with their disapproval, the Committee, under the lead of one Sarafof, began raising funds by force. Wealthy men were assessed; if they refused to pay they were threatened with trouble, and some were even assassinated. As a few of these murders took place across the northern border, in Rumania, the Government of that country protested, and, when the protest was disregarded by Bulgaria, mobilized troops. Bulgaria was thus forced to some action, and Sarafof fled the country. A new committee was formed to proceed on more civilized lines; but the members of the old committee, who were excluded from the new committee, were jealous and showed no disposition to abandon uncivilized methods. It is supposed that these men may have had a definite political end to serve by the recent abduction. With this in mind, Mr. Dickinson went to Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, but failed to secure an audience with Prince Ferdinand, who "had gone to the country." Thereupon our Consul urged the Bulgarian Government to arrest the ex-members of the Committee. After a delay of three days the Government replied by issuing an official communication protesting against any insinuation that it had been conspiring with the Macedonian Committee, and asserting that Miss Stone had been captured near Mehomia, only a short distance from a Turkish post, and that, on October 9, her captors were seen between two Turkish villages. These facts, concludes the note, tend to show that Miss Stone never left Turkish territory. It is unimportant whether the captors are Bulgarians or Turks, for Bulgaria is nominally dependent upon Turkey; the ultimate responsibility rests with the Sultan. Under his rule brigandage has been not only protected, but provoked.

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The Episcopal Convention Ever since its introduction into the councils of the Episcopal Church in the Triennial Convention of 1868, church unity has been a burning subject of debate which calls forth always the best efforts of the speakers upon its floor. It will be remembered that the Convention in Chicago set forth four principles afterward embodied in the document called the Chicago-Lambeth Quadrilateral, which it was hoped might serve as a basis upon which the divided forces of the Christian Church might unite in practical union. Since that day the subject has been constantly before the Convention, many of its members seeking to make its laws conform to the more liberal principles of the Quadrilateral, while those more conservative have been seeking to draw back from larger intercourse with Christian brethren, looking upon the Episcopal Church, as

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Dr. Huntington expressed it, as a small working model to be kept under glass, perfect perhaps in its workings, but not to be exposed to violent contact with the forces about it. The question came at once to the front in the House of Deputies, in the form of an amendment to the Constitution of the Church, which is undergoing final revision. The amendment in question, which passed almost unanimously at the last Convention, was sent down during the intervening three years to the several dioceses for action, and received the approval of a second Convention, which is necessary in the case of any amendment to the Constitution. The provision, a very simple one, allows the bishop of any diocese to receive under his care any congregation of people who wish his oversight, and to permit them to use any liturgy suitable in his opinion, provided it does not conflict with the principles of the creeds and the unfailing use of the words of Christ in the administration of the sacraments. The immediate effect of this legislation would be to meet the needs of a number of foreign congregations, principally Swedes, who would be allowed to enter the communion of the Episcopal Church while retaining their ancient Swedish liturgy and customs. In such cases, provided the congregations maintain the four principles of the Quadrilateral, they would not be required to use the Book of Common Prayer of the Episcopal Church.

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Dr. Huntington's Speech

In one of the most brilliant of convention addresses Dr. Huntington promised to safeguard, by the introduction of a later canon, the administration of the sacraments and other principles, and made a plea for greater freedom. "At this solemn time of the new century's beginning," he said, "four great questions confront the American poople: the preservation of the sanctity of the family, the training of youth to good citizenship, the purification of municipal life, and the regulation of the relations between capital and labor; but overtopping all these, as these snow-crowned peaks of the Pacific tower above and subordinate the lesser foothills, stands the question, How may we correlate and unify the religious forces of the Republic? Even in this Convention we have a memorial seeking denominational unity in the matter of marriage and divorce. Yet because of our unhappy dissensions we know that nothing can come of it. To-day all publicists are seeking the suppression of Anarchy, but there is no hasty cure for Anarchy; the only thing that can be done to overcome its evils is to adopt a system of public religious training other than that of our common schools, where our youth are taught almost everything except their duty towards God and their duty to their neighbor. Yet even that simple religious teaching cannot be instilled into the minds of our children because of the unhappy divisions of the Christian Church. Again, those who know the effect of the recent pronunciamento of the Bishop of New York against civic unrighteousness must well understand what an overwhelming and irresistible effect it must have had had it come from a united Christian Church, so joined as to shake New York to its center. As to the fourth of these questions, we may point to Thornton, an authority on the labor problem, who says that in the Christian Church alone are locked those forces which can control the selfishness rampant on both sides of the question; but what can be done save by a united Christian Church? Christian unity is not a dead issue. I do not and never will believe it to be so. It never was so alive as now. Let us do justice on both our right hand and our left. Let us build for the future, and be ready for great things, for that true ecumenicity which is coming when there shall be one fold and one Shepherd. Let us win the beatitude of those who do what in them lies to maintain and set forward quietness, peace, and love among all Christian people." These words made a great impression, and there was no surprise expressed when, after an exciting period of voting, it was announced that the amendment was carried. On the reassembling of the House on the following morning it was discovered that the vote of the diocese of Nebraska had been wrongly counted. Upon being reconsidered, Dr. Huntington's amendment was lost. Admirable spirit was shown in this trying experience, and, if it were possible, Dr. Huntington strengthened his position in the House

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and in the Church at large. The technical majority in the clerical vote was one. The constitution of the Church provides that a divided diocese counts in the negative. Thirty dioceses voted aye, 16 no, and 13 were divided. In the lay vote there were 35 ayes to 14 noes, with 5 divided.

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The Meeting of the American Board

The ninety-second annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at Hartford, Conn., October 8–11, was pronounced the greatest in its history. Ninety-one years ago its first meeting at Farmington, a suburb of Hartford, was attended by five Commissioners and an audience of one in a parsonage, where the receipts of the year were reported as $889.52. This year, not to speak of the thronged assemblies, its troublesome debt of over a hundred thousand dollars was canceled in about an hour at the end of an evening meeting. The last three years show a steady though irregular increase in the gifts of the churches. The bulk of the deficit was due to the shrinkage of legacies, a source from which the Board has derived twenty per cent. of its income—a much larger proportion of its funds than with any other of our missionary societies. The reports presented recorded a steady advance, slow in some quarters, rapid elsewhere, in all its twenty fields of work throughout the world. In the Marathi mission (India) the increase of communicants during the five years since 1895 is more than sixty-two per cent. of the whole number received during the seventy-five years preceding. One fact in the great revival now proceeding in Japan is that six thousand in Tokyo have recorded their names as "inquirers." That the converts are not mere beneficiaries appears from President Capen's statement that the fifty-two thousand members of native churches under the care of the Board, if their contributions are estimated comparatively to the wage of labor there and here, are doing for the support of Christian institutions twenty times as much as is done for them. That they abide the tests of character appeared from the testimony borne to the fidelity of the martyr church in China. The Board maintains thirty colleges and theological seminaries, numbering nearly twenty-four hundred students, and twelve hundred schools of various grades with nearly sixty thousand pupils. Yet the expenditure of many single churches in this country, said President Capen, exceeds the cost of two large mission fields—one the Harpoot station, where the Turks destroyed one of these colleges, and the other in Ceylon. The net cost of administering the whole work, on which upwards of seven hundred thousand dollars is expended, was shown to be but six and a half per cent., "one-half the lowest expense of any life insurance company, and about one-fifth of the average fire insurance company." That is, of every dollar given ninety-three and a half cents are applied directly to the work. Twenty-three new missionaries have gone out this year, and ten more are soon to follow. The Shansi field in North China, where the entire missionary force was massacred last year, is now declared open for the resumption of the work, and a call is made for volunteers to reman it.

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The Opportunity in China

As to China, which this year, as last, elicited profounder interest than any other field of the Board, Dr. Patton, of St. Louis, referred to a new difficulty, "a deep-seated and widespread impression in our churches that the Chinese are not worth the treasure of life and money expended on them, and that it is not right to send missionaries to them at such risks." For the antidote to such pusillanimity he relied on a revival of the genuine Christian spirit. The Chinese question was discussed at length by Dr. Ament in an address which the Hartford "Courant" editorially pronounces "both philosophical and statesmanlike"—"a brilliant, forcible, and immensely instructive review of a complicated and often confused situation." He scouted the idea of another Boxer outbreak. The Empress Dowager, solely responsible for the last, had seen the folly of it. Christianity had "won its spurs" in the late sanguinary test as the competitor of Confucianism. The martyr spirit had been triumphant. And, bad as the conduct of the foreign soldiery had often been, the Chinese had found it better than that of their own, so that they begged not only the Americans but even the

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French to remain as their protectors. "The man who affirms," said he, "that the Western nations have left behind them seeds of wrath for a bitter harvest of retaliation does not know whereof he speaks." The forward movement, of which our readers have heard, for the increase of the Board's resources, is making fair progress. The churches that have thus far taken hold with it have increased their contributions 147 per cent. The addition of $100,000 to the yearly offerings would mean the setting at work of two thousand native helpers in the various missions—a potent reinforcement. It is believed that five hundred of the wealthier churches will eventually contribute each $1,000 annually—one-half of the million which President Capen desires to raise for the necessary expansion of the work. The Board is fortunate in having at its head a successful business man, so large, both mentally and spiritually, as Mr. Capen. His annual address was on "A Million Dollars for Foreign Missions—How to Raise it and How to Spend it." The immediate response to it was the proposition to make an end of the debt on the spot, and it was done. To this result the inspiring address that evening by Dr. Cadman, of Brooklyn, and the suggestions made at the psychological moment by the Rev. J. H. Selden, of Greenwich, greatly contributed. About five hundred persons took part as contributors, some large givers—one of $48,000—and many small givers, among whom were some who gave out of poor purses but rich sympathies. The total amount subscribed was some $5,000 in excess of the sum required. There were many admirable utterances at these meetings; particularly so were those of Dr. Henry Hopkins, Vice-President of the Board, the Rev. J. P. Jones, of India, and the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan. The century begins auspiciously for the old Board, the pioneer American society in the missionary field. It is to meet next year in Oberlin, Ohio.

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The Congregational Council

The National Council of Congregational Churches opened its triennial meeting last Saturday at Portland, Maine. We expect to give next week a report of the meeting, which closes on Thursday of this week. Dr. Bradford, of Montclair, was chosen Moderator, and the important and laborious secretaryship, so long and ably filled by the late Dr. Hazen, has been taken by Dr. Asher Anderson, of Meriden, Conn. The statistical report presented by Dr. Anderson shows a present total of 5,650 churches, a net gain of but thirty-six during the three years, 330 new churches having been organized, and 294 having been dropped. In membership there has been a net gain of 7,485, making the present total 633,349—nearly the same as that of the Episcopal Church. There has been a falling off in benevolent contributions, notwithstanding a gain outside of New England and the Atlantic States of about half a million, but an increase of twice that amount in home expenses, now amounting to seven millions yearly. A loss is reported also in the membership of Sunday-schools and young people's societies, and in the number of infant baptisms. President Tucker, of Dartmouth, preached the opening sermon, a discourse strongly applying to present conditions in Church and State, and marked both by philosophic insight and spiritual power.

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The Congregational Home Missionary Society

We have referred editorially to the fact that more efficient organization is the great desideratum in the Congregational denomination. That this judgment is growing among Congregationalists is indicated by the action of a Committee of Fifteen appointed by the Home Missionary Society last summer to propose some plan for closer relations between the auxiliary or State Home Missionary Societies and the National Home Missionary Society. These societies have in the past been entirely independent of each other, although provision was made for an annual conference between the representatives of the State Societies and of the National Society. As the result of inevitable friction growing out of the anomalous condition of affairs, by virtue of which two societies, one State, one National, carried on the same work in the same field, and appealed to the same churches in the name and as the representative of the same denomination, this Committee was

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appointed, comprising five representatives of the State Societies, five of the National Society, and five elected by the other ten but independent of both organizations. The plan which they have made public, and which will be officially reported to the Home Missionary Society at its next annual meeting, provides for the federation of the State Societies with formal representation in the National Society. For this purpose it is proposed that the National Society at its annual meeting shall elect what is called a National Committee, consisting of five members at large and members nominated by the State or auxiliary Societies, where there are such societies, and in other States by the State Associations, on the basis of one delegate for every ten thousand church members. The President of the Society is to be ex-officio a member of this Committee, which is to be elected for three years, and so classified that the terms of one-third of its members shall expire each year. Any State Society which assumes the entire expense of the State work becomes by virtue of that fact an auxiliary and entitled to representation in the National Committee. This National Committee, thus officially representing the State Associations and the Home Missionary organizations, is to elect the Executive Committee of the Society, estimate its probable income, and apportion the amount to be expended in each State or Territory; and provision is further made for leaving in the discretion of the Executive Committee the work in the State to the supervision and control of the State Society, where one exists, even if it is not formally an auxiliary. It is quite possible that the details of this plan may be modified as the result of further deliberation, but we welcome the plan itself as an indication of the progress which the Congregational churches are making toward a more thorough organization of the denomination for that form of work in which the concurrent action of all the churches is required.

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Courses in Bible Study The present autumn will witness the beginning of three notable Bible courses for lay workers. The first is at Union Theological Seminary, New York City. The courses there are open to both sexes, and are designed for any who may wish instruction of high grade in the subjects of the English Bible and methods of religious work. One course is to be given by President Hall, and others by Dr. Hodge, the Rev. Messrs. Street and White, Professor McMurry, of Columbia, and Professor Moulton, of Chicago.——At Montclair, N. J., the second session of the Bible Teachers' College (which had a successful session last year) will open on October 15. Dr. Buckley, editor of the "Christian Advocate," is to speak on the Bible and Christian Science, and Dr. Schenck, of New Brunswick Theological Seminary, will lecture on Psychology and Pedagogy. Dr. Rogers, of the Drew Theological Seminary, is to lecture on the Early History of Israel, and Mr. Robert E. Speer, of New York, will give a course of studies on "The Christian Life." The general course of this Bible Teachers' College is arranged in view of a preparatory course, which will be required for entrance.——A third event is the decision of the Methodist Church, South, to institute a process of training for Sunday-school teachers. In each Church the teachers will be organized into a study circle, and, on completion of the prescribed courses, members will be entitled to a diploma. Writing to The Outlook, the Rev. James Atkins, D.D., who has the whole matter in charge, says that the six thousand teachers and thirteen thousand Sunday-school superintendents of his Church will be invited to co-operate. He thinks that the movement may become the most important in modern Sunday-school history; certainly not only Methodists but all Christians must have large hope of it. Dr. Atkins adds: "There are at least three things about which the Sunday-school teacher needs to be thoroughly informed. These are: the history, aims, and methods of the great movement of which he is a part; the Bible as the text-book of his school; and the doctrines, polity, and working plans of his Church. . . . Under the present order of religious education, in which almost the whole task of Bible instruction has been turned over to the Sunday-school teacher, the work of the Sunday-school teacher has become magnified beyond anything dreamed of in the beginning of the modern Sunday-school movement."

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Worthless Degrees Not long ago the question of the conferring of degrees was brought prominently into discussion by disclosures regarding the so-called National University of Chicago. The Rev. E. B. England, of Washington, N. J., in a public address defended the institution just named as a legitimate college, and one which gave degrees only after proper examinations. In the course of his remarks he was reported by several New York papers as saying that the National University "had been favorably commented upon and indorsed by such Journals as the 'Independent' and The Outlook." The "Independent" has declared that the reverse of this statement is true so far as the "Independent" is concerned; that the institution has been denounced in the "Independent" and its advertisements refused. As a matter of courtesy and justice, the editors of The Outlook wrote to Mr. England asking if the statements attributed to him had been made by him, and if so, upon what authority. In his reply, just received, he states that the "Independent" had inserted an advertisement of the National University, and refers us to the issue of a certain date in which he says such an advertisement will be found. With this, of course, we have nothing to do, except to remark that the insertion of an advertisement is a vastly different thing from the indorsement of an institution. It is impossible for any publication to investigate every advertisement so completely and thoroughly as to make its publication an absolute indorsement of the advertiser. A self-respecting journal can and must refuse advertisements which on their face are immoral or misleading, and it should also investigate the standing of its advertisers when there is any reasonable cause to believe or suspect that they are fraudulent or dishonest. Nothing is more difficult than to draw the precise line, but such reputable papers as the "Independent" and The Outlook during the course of the year in point of fact refuse advertisements to the value of many thousands of dollars, because they are suspicious. Despite all this care, however, some advertisements do creep in which are innocent on the face but which may conceal misrepresentation. As to Mr. England's remarks about The Outlook, he writes to us without specifically denying the use of the phrase attributed to him, "favorably commented upon and indorsed," merely saying that he stated that "The Outlook had *made mention* [italics ours] of clergymen who had passed the required examinations and received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from that institution." We need hardly say that this also is a very different thing indeed from an indorsement. On turning to the issue of The Outlook to which Mr. England refers us, we find that about eight and a half years ago, in a department called "Gleanings," which by its name indicated its character as a collection and condensation of items about churches and ministers "gleaned" from various sources, The Outlook had this note: "The Rev. W. H. Hampton, F.G.S., pastor of the Congregational church, Moravia, N. Y., having passed the required examination in the National University, Chicago, Ill., was admitted to graduation, receiving the degree of D.D. on June 29." Is the standing of the National University to be upheld and its excellence and purity of motive to be supported by such "indorsement" as is contained in this item?

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Which, Partisan or Non-Partisan?

The present political issue in New York City, as Mr. Shepard, the Tammany nominee for Mayor, defines it, is one which concerns indirectly every municipality in the land. He is nominated as a Democrat, accepts as a Democrat, and if elected will administer his office as a Democrat. He holds, and his supporters hold, that the normal method for securing a good government in the city of New York is by a party election and a party administration. The argument for this method is, in brief, that thus a party can be held responsible at the polls; if the administration is bad the party can be condemned, if good the party can be approved. Individual office-holders come and go, but parties remain. If Mr. Low gives satisfaction, only Mr. Low can be elected again, and this process of re-election cannot go on indefinitely; but if Mr. Shepard gives satisfaction, it is not Mr. Shepard, it is the Democratic party, and the Demo-

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cratic party can be continued indefinitely in office. Such, in brief, is the argument for party elections and party administrations in our municipalities.

Mr. Low represents the other principle—that of non-partisan elections and non-partisan administration in city government. It is true that Mr. Shepard, following the cue given by Mr. Dayton, endeavors to make it out that Mr. Low is the candidate, not only of the Republican party, but of Mr. Platt in the Republican party. No other answer to this is needed than a review of the circumstances which led to his nomination. He is reported some years ago to have characterized himself as a Democrat in National politics, a Republican in State politics, and an Independent in city politics. This was when Mr. Cleveland, not Mr. Bryan, was the representative of Democracy in the United States. Whether the remark was really his or not, it correctly describes what has been his attitude. When he was elected years ago as Mayor of Brooklyn, it was as a non-partisan, pledged to give the city a non-partisan administration. When he was nominated four years ago as Mayor of the Greater New York, it was as a non-partisan, pledged to give the Greater New York a non-partisan administration. It was because Mr. Platt believed in Mr. Shepard's principle of party elections, party administrations, and party responsibility in municipal affairs that a separate Republican ticket was nominated and Mr. Low was defeated. Mr. Low has not changed his position; but Mr. Platt has changed his. The Republican organization has adopted both the principle of non-partisan administration in municipal affairs and the candidate who logically represents that principle. The issue between partisan and non-partisan administration in municipal affairs could hardly be put more clearly before a community than it is put before the people of New York in the nominations respectively of Mr. Low and Mr. Shepard.

The question thus raised between partisan and non-partisan elections and administration in cities we are not left to determine by purely theoretical considerations. Both methods have been tried on a large scale. In the United States our city elections have generally been party contests and our city administrations have generally been conducted under a party organization; and our city governments have been almost uniformly corrupt, whether the party in control was Democratic as in New York, Republican as in Philadelphia, or sometimes Democratic and sometimes Republican as in Chicago. In England the other method has been pursued; the city government has been neither Tory nor Liberal; men of all parties have united in securing the best practicable administration; neither party has been responsible for the results, but the entire people of the city have borne the responsibility; and the administration has been uniformly honest and efficient, and generally economical. It might possibly be conceived that the difference is due to a difference in the standards of political honesty in the two countries, were it not for the fact that in substantially every instance of municipal reform in the United States the reform has been accomplished either by a non-partisan election or by such an accession of independents to the successful party as to make the administration largely non-partisan.

It is true that the method of Mr. Low's nomination was not the best conceivable. It was accomplished by a union of various organizations; the best conceivable would be a union of all high-minded citizens, regardless of party organizations, in an endeavor to secure the best men for the administration of their city affairs, in entire indifference on the question to what party, to what Church, to what section of the city, or to what nationality the candidates elected belonged. But recent experience has shown that partisan, ecclesiastical, sectional, and race prejudices are at present an insuperable obstacle to this ideal union; the next best course is such a union as has been formed, not by a dissolution of pre-existing organizations, but by an alliance between them. Since the ticket which has been nominated is a non-partisan ticket and is pledged, alike by the platform, the principles of its candidates, and their personal character, to a non-partisan administration, the method of union is of importance only because an alliance between separate organizations is more liable to be dissolved in the future than would be a fusion of all citizens, regardless of previous affiliations,

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in a common endeavor for an honest, efficient, and economical administration.

It is also true, and this is more important, that Mr. Shepard really represents, not the Democratic party, but a Democratic club. The Democrats in the Greater New York who have had the greatest influence in the National councils of the party in times past, and who possess the greatest National reputation, are, we believe without exception, opposed to the club which assumes to dominate the party organization, and which has asked Mr. Shepard to be its sponsor in this election. Until very recently Mr. Shepard was opposed to it. In this election the question is not, therefore, really, Will the voter intrust the affairs of his city to the Democratic party or to a non-partisan combination of men of all parties? but, Will he intrust it to Tammany Hall or to a non-partisan combination of all men opposed to Tammany Hall? Mr. Shepard was not nominated by the Democratic party; he was nominated by Tammany Hall. Unless all accounts are false, the public sentiment not merely of the party, but even of the machine-made convention which nominated Mr. Shepard, favored the nomination of Mr. Coler; and Mr. Shepard was forced upon the party by Tammany Hall, and upon Tammany Hall by a combination of Mr. Croker and Mr. McLaughlin.

There is much to be said for the doctrine that the way to reform a corrupt party is by a revolt of the better elements within the party; but it is difficult for intellectual ingenuity to devise any argument for the doctrine that the way to reform a corrupt party is by standing sponsor for the corrupt elements in that party. If the Democratic party in New York City is ever to become truly democratic, it will be by the overthrow of Mr. Croker and all that Mr. Croker stands for in Tammany Hall, and by the overthrow of Tammany, as at present organized, and all that Tammany stands for, in the Democratic party. Mr. Shepard is doing what he can to reinforce Tammany in the Democratic party and Mr. Croker in Tammany Hall. Mr. Croker seeks to steal the livery of respectability in which to serve himself, and Mr. Shepard helps him to put on the disguise. The city stands like a young Hercules at the parting of the ways. Mr. Shepard on the one side, with Mr. Croker in the background, invites it to reintrust its fortunes to the Democratic party, not purified from corruption and freed from bossism, but to the Democratic party controlled by Tammany, and to Tammany controlled by Mr. Croker. Mr. Low invites it to intrust its fortunes to a non-partisan administration conducted in the name and interest of all the forces, within and without the Democratic party, opposed to the continued rule of Tammany in city administration and of Mr. Croker in Tammany—an administration which would incidentally cut off from Tammany the revenue which it has been accustomed to receive from blackmail, by which it has been able to dominate both the Democratic party and the city.

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The Workman to His Master

Dr. van Dyke's "Pathway to Peace," which first appeared in the columns of The Outlook, has become a possession of the whole country, so widely has it found reading and so simply and beautifully has it voiced a philosophy of life which needs constant translation into universal speech. To his volume of short stories, "The Ruling Passion," commented upon in another column, Dr. van Dyke has prefaced a prayer so full of the wisdom of art as well as of life that it ought to be in the hearts and on the lips of all those who write, not for the rewards of the moment, but to express the inward impulse and to liberate, inspire, and refresh their fellows:

Lord, let me never tag a moral to a story nor tell a story without a meaning. Make me respect my material so much that I dare not slight my work. Help me to deal very honestly with words and with people, because they are both alive. Show me that, as in a river, so in writing, clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed. Teach me to see the local color without being blind to the inner light. Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real. Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life. Steady me to do my full stint of work as well as I can, and when that is done stop me, pay what wages thou wilt, and help me to say from a quiet heart a grateful Amen.

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"Life Everlasting"

It cannot be doubted that faith in life everlasting has undergone a change; that it is both less definite and less dogmatic than it once was. This may partly be due to the fact that our age is scientific and that we are prone to look for scientific demonstration of all truth; and faith in life everlasting is, in the nature of the case, incapable of scientific demonstration. Science deals with the past and the present, and life everlasting is future. Faith in immortality is a hope; and "hope that is seen is not hope, for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for?" Science can deal only with what is seen. It may be partly due to the fact that our age is practical; that we are more concerned in improving this life than in preparing for another; and that, with the advantages which this practical and human spirit brings, it brings also the disadvantage of making any other life appear more distant if not more problematical. It may be partly due to the fact that we have outgrown the imagination of our childhood; that the mediæval representations of ascended saints as men and women with wings have become physiologically unthinkable to us; that we can find no place in the sky for a celestial city with pearly gates and golden streets, nor in the bowels of the earth for a flaming hell; that the pictures of the Apocalypse have lost their power to either charm or terrify. Perhaps all these causes have combined to make our faith in life everlasting something quite different from what it was in our fathers.

What in these circumstances we want is not a scientific demonstration of a hope that is undemonstrable; all we ask of the scientist or the philosopher is to tell us whether this hope is irrational or not—whether, that is, it is inconsistent with what we know of life as it is and as it has been. To this question, as we pointed out a few weeks ago, Professor Shaler, considering the question from a scientific point of view, returns a decided negative. He does not aver that the hope of immortality is scientific—hope can never be scientific; but he undertakes to show that it is not opposed to science. This question John Fiske, in his posthumous monograph on "Life Everlasting," which bears the imprint of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., answers from the philosopher's point of view, also with a decided negative. He does not aver that philosophy compels this hope, but he does show that philosophy encourages it.

He also does what is still more important: he makes a statement of this hope as it is entertained in modern thought, as science hints at it, as philosophy confirms it, as thoughtful, intelligent faith entertains it:

> That solemn moment in which, for those who have gone before and for us who are to follow, the eye of sense beholds naught save the ending of the world, the entrance upon a black and silent eternity, the eye of faith declares to be the supreme moment of a new birth for the disenthralled soul, the introduction to a new era of life compared with which the present one is not worthy of the name. Who can tell but that this which we call life is really death, from which what we call death is an awakening? From this vantage-ground of thought the human soul comes to look without dread upon the termination of this terrestrial existence. The failure of the bodily powers, the stoppage of the fluttering pulse, the cold stillness upon the features so lately wreathed in smiles of merriment, the corruption of the tomb, the breaking of the ties of love, the loss of all that has given value to existence, the dull blankness of irremediable sorrow, the knell of everlasting farewells—all this is seized upon by the sovereign imagination of man and transformed into a scene of transcending glory, such as in all the vast career of the universe is reserved for humanity alone. In the highest of creatures the Divine immanence has acquired sufficient concentration and steadiness to survive the dissolution of the flesh and assert an individuality untrammeled by the limitations which in the present life everywhere persistently surround it. Upon this view death is not a calamity but a boon, not a punishment inflicted upon Man, but the supreme manifestation of his exceptional prerogative as chief among God's creatures.

This is an admirable description of the faith of to-day in immortality—a faith which is disrobed of the dress with which a sensuous and sometimes superstitious imagination clothed it; a faith far more spiritual because less definite than that of either pagan poets or mediæval theologians, yet containing all that was valuable in their imaginings; a faith which possesses all that was essential in the hope of Socrates and the calm assurance of Jesus Christ; a faith whose ultimate ground is our indestructible consciousness that in us is an individuality which survives the dissolution of the flesh, whose

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confirmation is the quiet confidence of Jesus Christ and the historical witness to the indestructibility of his own life, whose result is a spiritual experience which regards death, not as the end of life, but as the beginning in a new and nobler form; not as a calamity, but as a boon; not as a punishment inflicted upon Man by God, but, interpreted by the hope which illumines and transforms it, as the supreme manifestation of Man's special prerogative as chief among God's creatures.

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The Greater Reading Public

Although a great deal has been said about the immense circulation of a few books during the last few years, neither public, authors, nor readers have quite adjusted themselves to what appears to be a new era in book distribution. There are those who are confident that these unusual sales are abnormal and that they will soon come to an end; but there are many indications that the phenomenal sales of recent novels are not accidental, but are significant of changed conditions. The reading public in this country is practically unlimited. It is being fed every year by tens of thousands of graduates from the high schools; to say nothing of graduates from colleges and universities. It is fed by the work of a great number of organizations like the Chautauqua Society, the aim of which is to awaken an intellectual interest and give direction to intellectual curiosity. It is fed by a vast number of magazines, many of them purely popular and even "catchpenny" in character, and yet all tending to extend the reading habit. These new magazines, of which there are a host, have not come into real competition with the older magazines of more substantial character. They have collected new constituencies and found new fields for themselves. It used to be said that there was a fresh constituency for a magazine every ten years; now there is a fresh constituency for a new magazine every year. Moreover, recent events which have brought the country into more intimate relations with the world, and which have directed attention abroad, have awakened its intellectual curiosity and have sent a new set of influences penetrating into every part of the continent. The American mind was never so alert as it is to-day, nor was it ever so possessed with a curiosity to know what is going on in the world. The population has increased to nearly eighty millions; there is good reason to believe that the constituency for books of some kind will become practically coterminous with that population. What has happened, in other words, is an enormous enlargement of the circle of people who read; and that circle, having once been enlarged, will never again be contracted. The field is no longer a relatively small group of more or less thoroughly educated people, but the people of the country.

The first results of this enlargement of the reading constituency of the country are like the first results of any enlargement of the voting population by extension of franchise: a great deal of froth, foam, and vulgarity have come to the surface. The taste of this greater circle of readers is largely untrained, and so far it runs chiefly to fiction; for the great sales of books have been confined almost exclusively to works of fiction. A few books of a timely or personal character have shared, to a certain extent, in the immense publishing prosperity of later days, but for the most part the novel alone has profited by the new popular interest in reading. It is encouraging to note that the novels which have found favor on a great scale, with only one or two exceptions, have revealed power of some kind, psychological, vital, or literary; they have not been commonplace. In several instances they have been admirable pieces of fiction, well conceived, written with an artistic feeling, and with a genuine touch of literature upon them.

It is the fashion to speak of any general tendency in fiction as if it were purely commercial in its origin; to explain the recent flood of semi-historical novels as an attempt on the part of a group of writers to set their sails to catch the prevailing winds. The revival of the semi-historical novel was, however, foreseen by a good many close observers some time before it actually took place. Those who studied conditions carefully were confident that the deepening historical consciousness of the country, the steadily widening

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interest in the historical background, shown in many ways, and the reaction from miniature painting and cabinet work in fiction, would bring back the semi-historical novel. The first novels of this class which appeared three or four years ago were not slow in commanding attention and awakening wide interest. In several instances they were well done. Now that the tide is moving, there have been a good many experiments on the part of writers who are more eager to study the popular taste than to express any original impulse. Many of these experiments have been failures; and it is a hopeful sign of the times that a book which is a failure cannot, by any kind of advertising or publishing skill, be successfully put on a rising tide.

Popular favor, however, has not been given exclusively to semi-historical novels or to stories of adventure; it has also been given to successful character-studies. Such a study was "David Harum"—a novel which, in spite of defects of construction, had the breath of vitality in it, and which, with very little plot but with a great deal of humor, made its appeal to a host of readers. "Eben Holden" is another story of the same class. It has many faults, but it has freshness, vitality, and the interest which belongs to genuine character. Such books may not be accepted as literature, but they are very wholesome reading.

The present situation is not without its dangers. It offers many temptations to publishers who are naturally eager to secure a story which will sell two, three, or five hundred thousand copies, and who may be tempted, in consequence, to neglect the interests of more substantial but less profitable books and to take up and push books of inferior quality. It is perilous, also, for the author; for, if he has facility in excess of literary conscience, he is tempted to write for great rewards rather than to do thorough, careful, and genuine work. Every peril, however, is also an opportunity. The enlargement of the reading public, even if that enlargement profits writers of fiction only, gives an immense chance to the novelist who has something to say in which his heart and his art are agreed. The whole English-speaking world is now open to him; he has access to a group of peoples affiliated by blood and language, who are among the governors of the world. If he has a conscience and genius, it lies in his power to enrich half of Christendom.

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Two Great Conventions

Two important ecclesiastical conventions are in session as we go to press—one, the Episcopal Triennial Convention in San Francisco; the other, the Triennial Council of the Congregationalists in Portland, Maine. There are certain questions in each of these Conventions which to a careless onlooker might appear to be technical and ecclesiastical, but which are in reality vitally connected with that spiritual life which equally concerns all Christian Churches.

The Episcopal Convention has, by a very close vote, declined to adopt a resolution that "provision may be made by canon for the temporary use of old forms and directories of worship by congregations not in union with this Church, who are willing to accept the spiritual oversight of the bishop of the diocese or missionary district." We believe that an actual majority of the delegates favored it, but not a majority in every diocese, which the constitution requires. The vote, however, indicates a decided preponderance of sentiment, if not a decided tendency of opinion, in the direction of a larger liberty in ritual. The resolution would not have marked a very long stride toward Church unity, but it would have been a step in that direction. The limitations involved in the resolution are sharp: the form must be an old form, and the use a temporary use; but old and temporary are relative terms, and the resolution practically recognizes the fact that Church unity does not depend upon identity of ritual. We are afraid that its rejection must be regarded as a practical, though we hope a temporary, declaration that there can be no church unity without unity in ritual.

At present the Episcopal Church cannot be said to recognize as a minister of Christ any clergyman not episcopally ordained, nor as a Church of Christ any ecclesiastical organization not organically united with the Episcopal Church. No doubt there are many Episcopal clergymen who do recognize both the Greek and

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Roman Churches as branches of Christ's Church, and Greek and Roman priests as members of Christ's priesthood, and there are other Episcopal clergymen who recognize Presbyterian and independent churches as branches of Christ's Church, and Presbyterian and independent clergymen as ministers of Christ. But the Church cannot be said to officially approve either recognition; certainly it does not do so explicitly and indubitably. The Chicago-Lambeth articles have, it is true, defined terms of Church union which do not require either practical use of the Episcopal liturgy or theoretical acceptance of the doctrine of Apostolic Succession as essential to the Christian Church or the Christian ministry. But these articles are as yet "in the air." They are only the expression of an opinion, not a constitutional provision; nor could any Independent minister, by simply subscribing to these four articles—the Bible, the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, the two Sacraments, and the Episcopate locally adopted to varying needs—ask for recognition as a Christian minister from Episcopal ministers, nor could any independent church by such subscription ask for recognition as a Christian church.

We hope some time to see the Episcopal Church adopt as a part of its constitution what is now only an expression of opinion, so that any church or body of churches would be at once entitled to recognition and fellowship upon its formal acceptance of these four provisions, without any further act whatever. We do not, indeed, think that these provisions constitute the true basis of Church unity. As we have often said, that basis must be found in loyalty to Jesus Christ as Master, not in acceptance of a Book, a creed, a sacrament, or an order. But as most Christian churches do accept the first three of these provisions (the Bible, the two creeds, and the sacraments), and might be willing to accept the fourth—an episcopal supervision—if allowed to interpret its character and extent in their own way, the mere fact that a resolution looking, though ever so cautiously, in the direction of a practical application of the Chicago-Lambeth articles came so near adoption may perhaps be regarded (at least we hope so) as an indication of a growing catholic spirit in the Episcopal Church and an earnest of a larger fellowship with other Churches in possibly the near future. At present we record with regret that traditionalism has defeated catholicity.

A too inflexible organization is the obstacle which the Episcopal denomination presents to Church unity; a lack of any organization is the obstacle which the Congregational denomination presents.

In Congregationalism each church is an independent body, electing its own officers, framing its own creed, formulating its own order of worship, and fellowshipping every other church, whatever its ecclesiastical framework, creed, or order of worship, if it recognizes Christ as its Master and does not demand the right to interfere in or exercise a supervision over the life of any other church. This absolute independence works very well so long as each church has nothing to do outside its local parish. But to do national work beyond the boundaries of the parish, or foreign work beyond the boundaries of the country, co-operation with other churches becomes necessary. To secure such co-operation Congregationalism has devised the method of the voluntary society. Missionary work abroad the Congregationalists carry on by means of one society, in which originally the churches were not formally represented at all, in which they are now represented in a somewhat clumsy fashion, but one which seems to work fairly well in practice. The home missionary work is carried on by four societies which are not organically united and do not even have any method of formal and continuous co-operation; and it is an open secret that the relations between some of them have been at times decidedly "strained." One society establishes Sunday-schools; one aids churches, chiefly among the white population; another, schools and churches, chiefly among the negroes, Indians, and Chinese; a fourth aids in church-building. In addition, there are State and local Home Missionary and Church Extension Societies, which have no vital connection with each other and little or none with the National organization. The National Council of Congregationalists, meeting this week in Portland, Me., has, in our judgment, no work more important than to devise and recommend—for it has no power

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to do more than recommend—a plan for combination and co-operation of these societies with each other and with the churches whose work they are doing. This is not only important in order to secure economy and efficiency in the Congregational denomination, but also as a preparation for co-operation with other denominations. For it is evident that until Congregationalists have found a method by which they can co-operate among themselves, they are in no condition to propose, and hardly in a condition to accept, any plan for co-operating with other denominations. And yet nothing is clearer than that, if the work of the Christian churches is to be done efficiently and economically in this country and in its new possessions, its various branches must devise some method of co-operating in their work, if not of combining their forces.

The Outlook has heretofore indicated what, in its judgment, is the principle which should be adopted by the Congregationalists in their solution of this problem. That principle is, in a word, federation. This is the method which Americans have hit upon in their political organization for securing National unity and the vigor which only unity can bring, and at the same time preserving liberty and local self-government. It is not enough, on the one hand, merely to provide that these home missionary societies unite in one annual meeting and in one periodical publication. This is to symbolize unity, not to realize it. On the other hand, it is not necessary to merge all the home societies in one society; the legal difficulties in the way of such a merger would be almost insuperable; the difficulties of administering the society after the merger was accomplished would be very great; the practical advantages from such a merger are not apparent; and it is certain that the contributions to one home missionary society would not equal the contributions which are made to four. The problem is to preserve the integrity of the several societies and at the same time secure unity of action. Merging the societies would destroy their integrity; merging their annual meetings does not achieve unity of action.

A very simple though radical device would secure the twofold result. Each society should, as now, elect its Secretary or Secretaries—preferably one for each society—and its Executive Committee, to whom, as now, should be intrusted the administration of its affairs in detail. Each Executive Committee should elect representatives to a Federal Committee which should in turn elect a Federal Secretary, and this Secretary and his Committee should have supervision over the entire field. Then, when a Sunday-school was started, there would be some one to know whether it could be made the germ of a future church; when a church was established, there would be some one to know whether it should be intrusted to the nursing care of the Home Missionary Society or the American Missionary Association; when the church was organized, there would be some one to know whether it should look forward to permanence and a building, or whether, as in some mining towns which are populous to-day and deserted to-morrow, it would better worship in a hall or a temporary structure during its brief tenure of life. Moreover, such a federation efficiently carried out would prepare the way for an interdenominational federation, by the creation of one committee, in which Christian churches of different forms of faith, but all loyal to the one Master and working to the same end, could combine to secure co-operation where now there is too often an unseemly ecclesiastical competition, injurious alike to the churches and to the community. Writing before the action of the committee to whom this matter has been referred is made public, we have no right to forecast its action; it is legitimate, however, to say that we have reason to believe that it will be along the line here indicated, and we trust that it will be so.

Catholic Christians in all denominations will sympathize with those in the Episcopal Convention who desire to make the organization of the Episcopal Church more flexible, and with those in the Congregational Council who are seeking to unite the Congregational churches in a more efficient organism—and for the same reason: because flexibility in the one case and organization in the other are necessary precursors to that Christian unity toward which the churches of Christ are moving very slowly but nevertheless surely and steadily.

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BOOKS & WRITERS

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD · directed · by · HAMILTON · WRIGHT · MABIE

IT is the function of a journal like The Outlook to report all sides of the National life and to attempt an estimate of the value and significance of contemporary activities and achievements. The life of a people has many aspects and may be studied from different points, but it is an unbroken and indivisible life, not a series of unrelated activities. For this reason the character and quality of the literature of the day are of the highest importance; for in the book are to be discerned the ideas that lie in the hearts of the men and women who make and read it. To be a writing people does not necessarily involve being a literature-producing people; to be a reading people does not necessarily involve being a literature-loving people. Mountains of books may be piled up without so much as a handful of the precious quality we call art; hundreds of books may be read without so much as casual contact between the mind of a reader and the marvelous force we call genius. To record the publications of a season is to keep a record of one of its most important activities; to estimate the final value and significance of those publications is to attempt to separate the handful of literature from the vast mass of miscellaneous writing in which it is inclosed.

There is probably no subject about which so many misleading, ill-informed, and irrational opinions are expressed as literature. There are always those who are confident that the magazines have made an end of good writing of the kind which goes to the memory of the world and stays there, which lives in the heart of man from generation to generation because it was born there. It is interesting to read the outcries of these same despairing guardians of the art of writing in the days when Dr. Johnson was writing for Cave's "Gentleman's Magazine." Since the hour when literature died by the hands of the early magazines, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, and Emerson have struggled into life, to say nothing of several generations of prose writers.

There are those who are confident that the vast turbulence of modern life, and especially the disintegrating force of democracy, have drained the springs of inspiration. And yet the deep impress of

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the French Revolution has hardly yet disappeared from the literature of western Europe, and the closing half of the nineteenth century was starred with illustrious names in every field of writing. One by one the great constellations which shone over the youth of men now in middle life have sunk below the horizon; but the glow of their shining will linger far on into the new century. The swan-song of the old order which Renan was so fond of singing was, after all, the morning song of a new day.

There are also those who are confident that the changes in educational aims and ideals have disastrously affected the productive power of the imagination, and that in becoming more alert and better informed modern men have lost the power of creating the highest forms of art. There are those also, in this country, who are convinced that in the transition from sectional to national life, which was the prime fact in the last thirty-five years, and in the emergence of the country from a provincial to a world life, which is the prime fact of to-day, the old inspirations have lost their power, and that contemporary America is fast losing the limited but distinct and distinctive quality which gave the written expression of its life fifty years ago the beauty and power of art.

There is doubtless a grain of truth in these depressing generalizations, but they are mere surmises. We act and speak as if it were possible at a given moment to measure the vital force of our age and determine its direction; as a matter of fact, we know very little about either. We are like children who stand on the seashore at low tide and are convinced that the tide will never return; we take every recurring winter in the world of creative activity as if there were never again to be a summer. It has happened more than once that the returning tide has all but drowned the false prophets, and the soil has suddenly blossomed about the mourners of a vanished fertility.

It is undoubtedly true that false methods, lower aims, partial views of things, neglect or suppression of primary instincts, check or blight the creative impulse. But the heart of man is, after all, a very stout organ, and in that heart are the issues of life, and therefore the springs of art. The human spirit is often confused, baffled, defeated, and all but destroyed; but, being immortal, it survives all false teaching, false methods, false living, and regains in one generation what it lost in the preceding generation. It has often wandered in the wilderness and lived on husks, but it has always come to itself again and returned in penitence to the fair places and wholesome ways from which it was beguiled. It has been and is capable of incredible folly, but it has a noble power of self-recovery; and he who counts on its final insincerity, credulity, lust, or ignorance counts without his host.

There is a touch of the divine in man, and therefore he is never long content with lands and merchandise. He may be at the moment ready to sell his soul for these things; but he is ready the next moment to buy it back with his life. He shows at times evidences of insanity; but there is a saving health in him which keeps him from that ultimate unreason which would be death.

So long, therefore, as men are what they are, art, which is the language of all that is deepest in the heart of the race, will not perish. There will come barren years and sadder years of vulgarity, cheapness, and commercialism; but let no lover of his kind despair; the imagination, being an immortal hunger and thirst, can never finally be deceived or corrupted. After every disloyalty it purges itself for a fresh vision, and after every fit of slothfulness it girds its loins for a new advance. We who have discovered what our fathers did not see, that liberty is a condition, not an end, that democracy is an opportunity, not an achievement, and that freedom may mean comfort without superiority of ideas, character, or manners, need not despair. Life on this continent is too deep to be sounded and too vast to be measured as yet; most judgments passed upon it are worthless from sheer ignorance of its hidden and obscure forces, of its deeper and more subtle movements. Those who believe that the more thoroughly the human spirit is trusted, honored, and emancipated, the richer will be its productive power in the end, will not be dismayed because the tree, so recently planted on this new soil, does not bear its finest fruit at once. They will be content to wait until it has had time to strike its roots

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into the region where the unseen but most potential forces are at work. Crudity will not discourage them so long as it comes in the normal order of development and there are signs of life in it. Iconoclasm will not frighten them so long as it expresses a real though misdirected effort to say the fresh word in the fresh way. They will dread the precision of a purely conventional practice of art and the correctness of a purely academic perception of its forms far more than the blunders of promising immaturity or the indifference to form of a passionate desire to see the fact as it is and speak the truth as it stands in the fact. One ounce of fresh feeling is better than many pounds of correct imitativeness. The sound of breaking windows is better than suffocation.

There is a vast mass of writing which is not and does not pretend to be literature. This writing, if honest, intelligent, and competent, is as creditable and important as any other useful work, and it is pure Phariseeism to cry out against it. Men need information, instruction, and recreation; knowledge and refreshment were never more necessary than to-day, when the problems of the world are the problems of every nation, and the public affairs of the nation are the private affairs of every citizen. A great many books which inform or refresh the reader are to be found on the shelves of the book-stores every season; they relate to Cuba, South America, Africa, the interior of Asia, India; they describe new methods in science; they record discoveries, explorations, researches; they narrate the careers of men who have done real things in the world. So long as they are well done and not put together as catchpennies, such books are not only legitimate but valuable. A book may be eminently useful without possessing any claims as literature. Men need books as well as literature; need them because of certain normal and wholesome necessities of their life; and so long as these books are genuine, no lover of his kind or of literature need fear them. It is the cheap book, manufactured out of hand to sell, with no regard to quality, which is to be feared; the sham book which pretends to be literature and is a vulgar imitation that is to be scorned. The books of power are few in the most productive periods; they ought to be few, for art is a rare and precious quality. Such books will not be lost in the mass of publications. They may have to wait, as great and noble achievements have often waited, for general recognition; but the books of knowledge, of information, of recreation, will not silence nor conceal them.

H. W. M.

When I would know thee . . . my thought looks
Upon thy well-made choice of friends and books;
Then do I love thee, and behold thy ends
In making thy friends books, and thy books friends.

Ben Jonson.

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them.

Milton.

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EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Drawn for The Outlook by Alfred Houghton Clark.

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EDWARD EVERETT HALE

DR. HALE, whose "Memories of a Hundred Years" will begin in the November Magazine Number of The Outlook and will be one of its strong serial features for the coming year, has pointed out the fact that all men who aid in the making of opinion in this country are public men and belong to the governing body. In this sense he is one of our most influential public men. He is, by instinct and by the habit of a lifetime, a teacher. He is always speaking to the public in a familiar, unconventional, intimate way, and it is a matter of indifference what medium of communication he uses. He is a delightful preacher; broad-minded, practical, suggestive, and interesting. He has been an ardent and inventive editor. He has spoken on educational, philanthropic, academic, and literary occasions, and always with a simplicity and freshness which have made him welcome on all platforms and in all parts of the country. He is a prolific writer, with a gift for the short story, but with a fine aptitude for essay, reminiscence, and ethical exhortation.

Dr. Hale has always been an American of the Americans. Born in Boston, educated at the Latin School and at Harvard, a Unitarian minister, spending his entire life within sight of the dome of the State House on Beacon Street, there has never been a touch of New England narrowness in him, or of that irritating ignorance of Greater America which afflicts some people on the Atlantic seaboard. He has always known that America is neither New England nor the Middle States; he has never been a provincial in his interests, his occupations, or his intelligence. The author of "The Man Without a Country" has a country and understands it.

Dr. Hale owes no small share of his success, not only in interesting people but in evoking their affections, to his thoroughly democratic spirit. He has always lived in thought in the great American community, comprehending clearly the friendliness and essential neighborliness of the country, and speaking with freedom, frankness, and simplicity to his neighbors in Chicago, Galveston, San Francisco, and Tacoma. He is the genius of the Lend a Hand movement, that broad, informal brotherhood of those who wish to be not only intelligent but unselfish. Dr. Hale is essentially a journalist, with an absorbing interest in his own time and a quick eye for its significant aspects. He has worked in the historical field; but his chief interest in the past is centered in those incidents and events which unite the past with the present, and in those careers which predicted and contributed to the work of the present. There is a great element of contemporaneousness in him; he has written history from the standpoint of a man who lives in to-day.

Probably no man of his eminence who writes and speaks cares less for writing and speaking as a matter of literary favor; to him they are simply means of reaching and affecting others. And yet, as so often happens, in forgetting himself Dr. Hale has found his highest good fortune. There are certain pieces of his work which, by reason of fresh feeling, novelty of idea, vividness of presentation, or underlying humor, are likely to be read in that far future to which so many literary men look with hope, but which is so relentlessly indifferent to individual cravings for favor.

Dr. Hale is not only one of the most widely known and most widely loved men in the country; he is also one of its most picturesque and striking personalities. His head would have delighted Rembrandt. The atmosphere of his unusual and impressive personality pervades Dr. Hale's autobiographic or semi-autobiographic writing, and gives it great charm.

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Studies in Literature[1]

TO most readers a sense of disappointment is likely to come after reading the initial chapter of Professor Courthope's Oxford Lectures on "Life in Poetry" and "Law in Taste," which together form the most recent contribution to poetic criticism. The occasion of their production, the high reputation of Mr. Courthope, the nature and scope of the treatment, are calculated to arouse expectations apparently not realized. Vagueness instead of clearness in thought, looseness instead of exactness in language, seem to be abundantly in evidence. A statement is hardly uttered before it is recalled for qualification. In the opening chapter poetry is defined as "the art which produces pleasure for the imagination by imitating human actions, thoughts, and passions in metrical language." To most readers this, though hardly a definition delimitating poetry from the other arts, would seem to be in itself a harmless enough description of an important use of poetry, and so far good and permanent. But in the next chapter Mr. Courthope, shivering and shying at the first breath of a reviewer's criticism, qualifies by telling us that "pleasure," to him, includes rapture, enthusiasm, and some kinds of pain, and that by "imitation" he means the function of finding beautiful forms for expression of embryonic ideas; and so on with qualifications till the reader feels that a definition which itself needs so much defining is but a blind guide, and that a criticism to which one must bring so much, if one would carry anything away, has little excuse for being.

Most natural this judgment would be, yet most unjust. For these lectures are, in truth, a most useful contribution. Mr. Courthope's classical culture has given him a delicacy which one may easily mistake for weakness, and he has acquired a habit of courtesy and of consideration for opposing opinions which may lead the hasty reader to undervalue his utterances. His study of poetry is worked out on broad lines. "As society advances in refinement," says Mr. Courthope in a discussion of one of his topics, "there is a constant tendency among artists to encroach on the sphere of philosophy," and we have here rather a study of the philosophy of poetry than a definition of the elements of poetry itself. It is a delightful study, full of suggestion. At the basis of the philosophy of poetry, as here outlined, is a conception of the Universal as opposed to the Individual, in Nature, in Life, and in Art. This conception of the Universal can be apprehended by feeling and instinct, or arrived at by effort of reason. But only as it is apprehended, or arrived at, can there be poetry. In its ultimate essence poetry is always the result of the effort to express, in the natural rhythms of organic life, some phase of a universal life. "Inspiration by the Universal, then," says Mr. Courthope in answer to his first question, "What is the Essential of Poetry?" "must be regarded as the essential source of life in poetry;" and poets such as Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton are great because their poems are saturated with the life of the Universal. If this be true, it follows that a touchstone of decadency in art is its abandonment of the universal idea and its insistence upon the individual thought. Self-consciousness, lawlessness in choice of subject, violence in expression, characterize the lesser forms, and signalize the decadent eras of poetry. If the logic of this judgment leads to the further statement that "when society reaches the stage at which self-consciousness is widely diffused, the epic, dramatic, and, it may be added, the didactic forms of poetry decline, and, where poetry survives as an art, men mainly seek to express their

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[1] *Life in Poetry; Law in Taste.* Two Series of Lectures Delivered in Oxford, 1895-1900. By William John Courthope, C.B., M.A., Oxon., Late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Parts of Speech: Essays on English. By Brander Matthews, Professor in Columbia University. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Talks on Writing English: Second Series. By Arlo Bates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Words and Their Ways in English Speech. By James Bradstreet Greenough, Professor of Latin in Harvard University, and George Lyman Kittredge, Professor of English in Harvard University. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. By George Brandes. In 6 volumes. Vol. I. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Literary Associations of the English Lakes. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Honorary Canon of Carlisle. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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ideas of nature in the lyric form," one must admit that the facts of poetic history buttress the position. The most modern note in poetry is the lyric cry of our intensely lyrical, struggling, self-conscious age.

Such, then, according to Mr. Courthope, is the essential of Life in Poetry. Its exposition is the subject of the first course of lectures given at Oxford and here embodied. The second course, of even greater value than the first, deals with the relation of individual taste to universal law in poetry. The philosophy of this discussion runs, as did the former, back to Aristotle for its basis, but its development is thoroughly modern and catholic. The fundamental question as here considered is the eternal one underlying all modern æsthetic criticism: Is the test of true art the enduring pleasure it produces in the mind of society, or simply the pleasure which the artist feels in creation? If the former, we may still claim as greatest artists Æschylus, Sophocles, and the Classicists; if the latter, Seneca, the Realists, and, in the last extreme, the Decadents. If the latter, then extremes, lawlessness, violence, exaggeration; if the former, then the idea of law. It is easy to foresee Mr. Courthope's answer: "He who would compose a work of Fine Art must live in the atmosphere of τὸ βέλτιον—the Higher Reality." As the apostle of this Higher Reality, Mr. Courthope stands throughout the whole work. Accepting or rejecting the doctrine, the reader will thank him for a learned, profound, and definite treatment of a difficult subject.

On a simpler theme and in a lighter manner Professor Brander Matthews writes most entertainingly of the faults and frailties of the English tongue, with now and then a pleasant comment on the faults and frailties of its users. Two or three of these essays were written years ago, and contain confident assertions as to the future of American influence in language-formation which then seemed to many rather combative than convincing. But time has its little revenges. Professor Matthews must sometimes smile to himself in noting how many of these earlier judgments have arrived, so to say, in this later time. In some of the more recent essays there are distinct signs of the conservatism of assured position, and it will be a triumph of an initial intellectual virility if the author does not become a purist of the purists, conserving the tongue he used to delight to exploit. For the general reader the two chapters most useful will be those on the "Function of Slang" and "Questions of Usage;" the chapters least convincing will be those affirming American supremacy. The whole book is delightful reading, and the author has done a service to those of us who care for the essentials rather than for the accidentals of expression.

It might seem that the title "Little Foxes," which Mr. Arlo Bates has given to the second of the lectures in his "Talks on Writing English," could not inaptly be used for all, dealing as they so constantly do with the hindrances to ease in writing. By precept and by example the little things of style, the "niceties which indicate clearness of thinking," are shown, in contrast to the slips of carelessness which make ruin of excellence, so cleverly that the book is almost as useful a manual for the practiced writer as for the untaught boy. It is a sound practical treatise. On the surface it seems to deal only with the well-worn topics—figures, the point of view, parallel constructions, paragraphs, end and beginning—in simple, graceful fashion, with comment and example. Beneath all this is a plea running through the whole book for truth, sincerity, and emotion in expression. The examples are of particles and adverbs, figures and gerunds, but the real teaching has a broader scope. One may almost sum up the whole book in the sentences with which Mr. Bates ends the chapter on narration: "The ultimate appeal of any narrative must lie in the humanity of the work. Eccentricities may astonish, but the work which throbs with sympathy for daily life lives. He who goes far afield may create astonishment, but the author who is loved is he who speaks directly and simply to the human being of the emotions which are common to all; who records the virtues, the imperfections, the feelings, above all the aspirations, the heart-beats, and the desires of a warm, live man, sound and sane."

The fascinating discussion of "Words and Their Ways in English Speech," by Mr. Greenough and Mr. Kittredge, of the

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Latin and English departments, respectively, at Harvard University, has three claims to especial authority. It is written by men of acknowledged scholarship; it is as free as a work of the kind can possibly be from fads and prejudgments, the pitfalls of many a previous endeavor; and it is written throughout in a simple, modest way which disarms criticism and invites confidence. Almost too modest sometimes, one is tempted to think it, noting the hesitation with which the authors introduce the philological discussions of the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters; but not too modest to win our thanks, admiration, and respect for the work as a whole. The book is a study of the English vocabulary, and may be roughly divided into two main sections: the first—to the thirteenth chapter—dealing with the general characteristics of the English language; the second—from the thirteenth chapter to the end of the book—dealing with the origin and development of special classes of words. In the later chapters are plenty of matters to give delight whether one be a student or merely what prefaces call a "general reader." The specific processes such as those by which the Latin *Persona*, which means "a mask" such as actors wore (from *per* and *sonare*, since through it the actors talked), came to mean a representative character, then a person, and finally a person merely as a human being in general, or the one by which the Greek θηριακόν (*thēriakón*), which means belonging to a wild beast, came to us as *treacle*, which is molasses, when set forth as perfectly as here, have all the interest of novelettes. One begins to have some respect for his own imagination when he realizes how much he uses it in daily speech. Without a thought of its logical history, we habitually employ many a phrase of boldest fancy. "One can *blow* a *blast* on a horn in actual pneumatical fact. To *blow* the *horn* requires an imaginative transference, which, however, was made so long ago that we forget that it is imaginative. More recently, a famous lyric poet could, without fear of criticism (indeed, with much force and elegance), exhort a bugle to blow itself. Here, as always, the individual poet is merely following out, with the certainty of genius, the path in which the language guides him."

"Language is poetry," say these authors in one of the opening chapters; and the theory is illustrated, though far too briefly, with convincing examples. The same thought of the dominance of the imagination in word-creation runs through the whole book. It is a happy omen for scholarship when it ceases to treat words as toys and puzzles, and considers them as organic parts of imaginative life. It is a happy omen also when eminent scholars come to have respect for the primal processes of language, and to study them as reverently as a biologist studies processes of animal life. To such work as this, poetry, science, and philology owe each a debt.

Mr. Brandes is one of the foremost Continental critics of the day. A Dane by birth, educated in the University of Copenhagen, deeply imbued with the scientific spirit, a profound student of European literature, the intimate personal friend of Ibsen, Mr. Brandes represents the modern critical movement in its broadest phases. His wide knowledge and his scientific temper qualify him for that kind of criticism which approaches the methods of science most closely and expresses most clearly the genius of the modern spirit—criticism based on the comparative study of literatures. The "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature" promises to be, perhaps, the most considerable achievement of this kind of criticism. The critic proposes to trace, in six substantial volumes, the outlines of the psychology of the first half of the nineteenth century in Europe by the study of its literatures. He accepts the revolutionary year of 1848 as marking the close of a spiritual and artistic movement which was chiefly a reaction against the ideas and feelings of the preceding century. This reaction he proposes to trace in the literature of Germany, France, and England.

The initial volume describes and analyzes "The Emigrant Literature"—the literature inspired by Rousseau and made up of the commingled streams of revolutionary and reactionary tendencies; the record of the mind, heart, and art of Goethe in "Werther," of Chateaubriand, Senancour, Nodier, Constant, Madame de Staël, and Barante. The work, conceived on large lines, is marked by broad rather than detailed and carefully wrought

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methods, and deals with underlying ideas rather than with questions of workmanship. It is a study of the recent spiritual history of Europe as that history is recorded in its chief works of literature. The breadth of view of Mr. Brandes is always stimulating and refreshing; he is able to look at the life of a generation from the international point of view, and to speak frankly, and often with great critical insight, of the various phases of religious and artistic life as interpreted by the different races. Of social standards and conventions and even of accepted moral standards he writes in the spirit of iconoclasm; a touch of passion sometimes revealing itself in what ought to be a judicial study. There is in him at times the one-sidedness of Ibsen; the destructive spirit engendered by a partial view. Notwithstanding his range of knowledge, he can be as dogmatic as the half-educated critic and as certain of himself as the sectarian whom he scorns. These are his faults; his strength far outweighs them. He is a very serious, high-minded student of literature; vital where many of his contemporaries are academic; free, bold, and original where they are conventional, timid, and imitative. He rarely fails to be fresh in spirit and interesting in manner; even in his most adventurous and irresponsible moods, as in some of his readings of Shakespeare's psychology and inner experience, he holds his reader's attention. In this volume his interpretation of Madame de Staël is especially vigorous and striking. If not wholly convincing, it must be ranked among the best pieces of recent criticism.

Canon Rawnsley's two delightful volumes of "Literary Associations of the English Lakes" may be very properly regarded as literary studies, for they are in a very real sense contributions to literary biography and to that record of the background of books which, especially in the case of the writers associated with the Lake country, has much to do with their spiritual history. One who does not know Windermere, Rydal, and Derwentwater misses a great deal in the poetry of Wordsworth which becomes plain and significant when one carries in his memory or imagination the romantic and beautiful scenery in which Wordsworth spent nearly the whole of his life. These two volumes have to do chiefly with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Christopher North, and De Quincey, but they bring before the reader a wide circle of friends and acquaintances of these great writers—Charlotte Brontë, Tennyson, Dean Stanley, Dr. Arnold, Miss Martineau, Matthew Arnold and his friend Clough, Ruskin, Beaumont the painter, Shelley, Keats, Carlyle, and many other men and women whose names belong to the literary history of the last century, or who stood in such close relations to the men and women who made that history that some acquaintance with them is essential to the understanding of the memorable and formative works of the age. Canon Rawnsley knows the whole field thoroughly; the Lake country, from Cockermouth on the north, where Wordsworth was born, to Furniss Abbey at the south, is familiar ground to him. He not only knows it, but loves it; and love is essential to that finer understanding which not only roots works of literary art in the soil, but enables a man who knows the soil and the work to trace the influence of the one upon the other. The books are illustrated with interesting portraits as well as with pictures of the various houses in which, at one time or another, the different writers lived.

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MAXIM GORKY

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Two Recent Russian Novelists

By Ernest Dressel North

IN these days of universal travel it is hardly necessary to describe in detail even the remote parts of the earth. From a railway train one may get a correct idea, as far as it goes, of the character of a country; but far more time and interest is needed to know the people of any land. Russia is always stimulating and usually puzzling to the observer or student. If one takes a map of Russia in Europe and finds St. Petersburg and Moscow, a rapid glance to the southeast of the former place and northeast from the latter will bring the eye to the junction of the Volga and the Okra. Here is the city of Nizhni- or Nijni-Novgorod—which means Lower Novgorod as distinguished from Great Novgorod. The name is a familiar one to most readers, and to all students of Russian life and literature, as the place where for two months every year is held the great Fair, which attracts crowds. Thirteen hours will take the traveler from Moscow to Nizhni-Novgorod, and he will find himself among a motley swarm of Tartars, Poles, and Russian peasants, farmers, and merchants, during the two months allotted to the Fair.

The city was founded in 1222, and after a stormy history, characteristic of its inhabitants and neighbors, was absorbed by the principality of Moscow in 1418. At the present time great steamers leave its wharves to go on long voyages away to the Caspian Sea, and craft quaint to our eyes ply the waters, manned by odd-looking sailormen and Tartar laborers. The sinuous Volga flows through a vast alluvial plain, inundating it in the springtime and keeping it fertile.

Here, thirty-two or thirty-three years ago, was born Alexei Maximovitch Pyeshkoff, beginning to be known in literature under his pseudonym of Maxim Gorky, or "the bitter one." Of humble parentage and neglected childhood, it was to be expected that the little orphaned boy should struggle for himself. He early became a tramp and picked up by the way such knowledge as was available. Before he was fifteen he had tasted many a bitter experience and learned much of the dark side of life. The few details known of his life are to be found in almost every paper just now. Curiously enough, he had a well-defined prejudice against print, and until he was introduced to the novels of Dumas, Gogol, and others, by his master, the cook on a steamer, he scorned books. His desires being awakened, he did not cease to pursue learning until, to his amazement, he finds himself now the literary idol of Russia. Beginning with brief sketches published in the newspapers, he attracted the favorable notice of Vladimir Korolenko, a well-known author, whose influence ever since has been sympathetic and beneficial. Among Gorky's short stories is one called "Toye" (The Trio), which exhibits the author's force and insight into motive and character to a remarkable degree. He describes the career and fate of three boys who grew up, we may suppose, amid such surroundings as he himself had. Sunk in poverty, with thieves, murderers, and prostitutes as daily companions, the boys fight against tremendous odds according to their temperaments—one proud and independent, another filled with poetic fire, and the third an embryo philosopher. Intense realism, in its most modern signification, characterizes the grim tale, lighted up as Gorky knows how to illuminate, with flashes of beautiful thought that amount to genius.

When we speak of the popularity of a Russian author among his own people, we must remember that of the one hundred and twenty-eight millions of Russians but about twenty-eight millions can either read or write. Besides the clog of illiteracy, literature is handicapped by a rigid governmental censorship, which reaches the most remote corner of the Empire and fetters to some degree the most obscure writer. New York City alone yearly issues more books than are printed in the entire land of the Czar. The work of Gorky has been for so brief a time before even his own people that its popularity is simply phenomenal. A series of novels and sketches has appeared in three volumes, showing a remarkable

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grasp of life as he sees it, studied at close range and felt to the depths of his soul. We are told that the novel selected for translation into English, "Foma Gordyeeff," is regarded as Gorky's strongest work. It certainly produces a profound effect upon the reader, and demands serious consideration. The reviewer recognizes the limitations imposed upon him from his ignorance of other writings by this Russian, which might modify his judgment. It would be but a circumscribed genius whose literary abilities could be displayed adequately in one volume of fiction. With this limit in mind, we may attempt to analyze the effect of "Foma Gordyeeff." Transported into an atmosphere in which every sight, sound, custom, and principle, so far as human and natural differences can go, is foreign to us, the process of adjustment is slow, if we enter fully into the spirit of the author. Foma, or Thomas, was born in a large commercial town on the Volga (presumably Nizhni-Novgorod, though it is not named), and belonged to the rich merchant class of the present day. His father, a man of tremendous energy and elemental passions, made his fortune in ways not unknown in every business circle the world over. The opening chapters of the story are as vivid descriptions of human nature in its primitive state as we find anywhere in literature. The grip of the author is felt from the first page. Direct and brutal he is throughout, but a rare surprise is in store for the half-repelled reader when he comes to paragraphs breathing the most elevated and subtle poetry. Thus, a picture of the great Volga as it showed itself to the fresh eyes of little Foma on his first voyage with his father in a great steamer is a masterpiece.

There is no plot in the story; it is a grim, powerful portrayal of the inner life of a Russian youth, born to wealth, utterly deprived of developing influences, and going steadily to ruin. A more somber, depressing picture would be hard to find. Foma, the charming, affectionate, imaginative child, is gradually drawn into the foul maelstrom of the only life open to an idle Russian who commands unlimited riches. A thrilling yet singularly restrained scene occurs when, after the death of his father, Foma, in desperation and in disgust at the glimpse he gets of the ruined life before him, begs his godfather, a master of worldly wisdom and cunning, to cut him off from his fortune and let him be free to make a man of himself. The ineffectual struggles of the suffocating spirit of the young man and the diabolical wisdom of the old man make a powerful contrast. The utter hopelessness of the rapidly weakening struggle, the spectacle of a man ruined through his best impulses because Fate is inexorable, is a nightmare. Gorky is possessor of tremendous strength, not crude, but of an elemental sort, which blossoms at times into the most exquisite delicacy and grace. He writes pages of the most revolting realism, pages that should be suppressed and that are a blot upon literature, and then we turn to others of such poetic and lofty beauty that the mind recovers its serenity and would be cleansed from pollution, if such a thing were possible. The final outburst of the dying flame in Foma's spirit, when he tells a company of prosperous, self-satisfied merchants all their sins and holds them up to scorn, the Machiavelian godfather urging him on to destruction, is painful in the extreme. Yet in it we see the purpose of the author. Under present conditions freedom of spirit and life is denied the youth of Russia. No avenues are open to their progress. Lacking education, knowledge of either men or books, engulfed in the sensualism of their surroundings, unenlightened by the formal religious observances to which they are bred, they sink in the flood and are lost to the world. While there is no plot, no outward drama, one rarely reads a more moving tragedy than that of "Foma Gordyeeff."

In Russia Gorky is hailed as the successor of Tolstoï, though he can hardly be a lineal literary successor. The source of his literary activities, his birth, his education or lack of education, his environment, the life that forced him to expression, could hardly be in greater contrast than to all those particulars in the life of Tolstoï. Power both the men have, and both must be heard.

An amusing illustration of Gorky's modesty is shown in a recent occurrence in one of the theaters. When he entered a box to witness one of the plays, the audi-

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ence at the theater stood up and cheered him heartily. He grew very angry, feeling that this was too much; he called out, "I am not a ballet-dancer nor a Venus of Milo: what are you staring at me for? keep your eyes on the stage!" Everybody was delighted at both his modesty and his wrath, and the audience laughed and cheered all the louder. Gorky grew very red in the face, and was much confused over this sudden outbreak and the small effect of his protest.

When a telegram from his American publishers reached him relating to the novel in process of publication, he was in prison, where he had been sent on account of his sympathy or participation in the recent student uprising.

Another Russian author of serious ambitions is Dmitri Mérejkowski, who has planned a trilogy of novels under the general title of "Christ and the Anti-Christ." Only the first, "The Death of the Gods," is published, but the two succeeding volumes, "The Resurrection of the Gods" and "The Anti-Christ," are to appear from the authorized translator, Mr. Herbert Trent. "The Death of the Gods" opens in a wayside tavern not far from Cæsarea in Cappadocia, and the reader is transported to the times of the Emperor Constantius, in the middle of the fourth century after Christ. The character of Julian, cousin of Constantius, the only member of his family left alive by the murderous Emperor, is the central figure of the romance. His studious, troubled, doubting, dissimulating youth, when he was forced to appear a Christian, while at heart he was a lover of the Olympians, is a fit prelude to his after life, when he earned and bore the name of The Apostate. The novel has been compared to "Quo Vadis," and the author has been hailed as another of the successors of Tolstoï. We cannot see his claim to the latter place. His work is certainly scholarly, and adheres closely to strict historical truth. But this adherence perhaps may be answerable for a certain rigidity and lack of graceful flexibility such as we have a right to look for in a novel announced as a masterpiece. The incidents are disconnected; some of the chapters might as well have appeared independently, for all their connection with or bearing upon the general flow of the story. Julian is, indeed, a vivid creation. We enter into his thought and purposes most thoroughly, and here is seen the author's power. The style of writing is most serious and dignified; yet, if we may say so, the failure of the philosopher Julian to reach the sweet heights of joy, mirth, and beauty he longs for as a worshiper of the gods is about as evident as is the failure of the author to convey any impression of that gayety and charm. It is but just, however, to admit that the period of "The Death of the Gods" demands a twilight, somber shade. Yet in "Quo Vadis," however we may criticise that novel, the merriment was really merry; it never moved with clogged footsteps, but danced heartily—when dancing was in order. The parts of this story devoted to the undoubtedly true accounts of the bitter and evil dissensions among the many sects of Christians are most impressive. Fanaticism, hypocrisy, delusions, and fierce hatred prevailed among the Galileans. Christianity, the State religion, was corrupted by the prosperity its adherents enjoyed under the corrupt Emperors of Rome. After Julian came to the throne he cast aside all pretense and became an avowed worshiper at the shrine of the gods. Yet in his mind developed a fearful expectation that the Galilean would conquer, and that the true solution of the conflict would be a mingling of the two forms of faith. He saw clearly the pollution of both, and tried to remain a calm philosopher. At least the dominating idea of "The Death of the Gods" is, as has been well said, "the Pagano-Christian dualism of our human nature," equally legitimate and sacred. Mr. Trent says in his preface: "At the last hour it is not the fierce god of the Arians (who educated Julian the Emperor) that he sees. He whom delirium calls up is Christus Pastophorus—the Good Shepherd—the Spirit of gentleness and love. It is that Spirit who has dethroned the Olympians."

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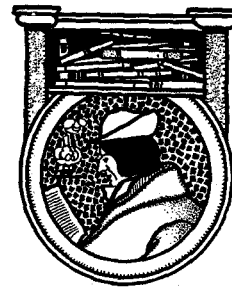
The FICTION of the EARLY AUTUMN



MISS JEWETT'S work has been a long loyalty to art—so delicate, finely wrought, and sincere has it been from the beginning. She has never been diverted from her vocation as a painter of New England traits and life—a painter of sensitive feeling, clear insight, and a finished, reposeful, but individual and vital style. Her quiet fidelity to high standards, wholesome methods, and the realities of character has evidenced that quality in her nature and in her art which stamps her as one of the writers of our time whose place is secure. In "The Tory Lover" she does not leave the field which she knows intimately and with the insight of affection. The larger movement of the story is on the other side of the sea; but the passions and convictions which dominate and shape it are of New England origin, and the air of New England fills the sails of the little craft which bears Paul Jones and his turbulent crew. There is in the story no striving to catch the wind of popular favor which is bearing tales of adventure to such fabulous ports in these days; no attempt to adjust an exquisite art to the taste of the hour. Miss Jewett is beyond the reach of these grosser temptations. Her method is unchanged; her refinement, delicacy, and trained skill are on every page; she has simply varied her material. For any writer of average ability "The Tory Lover" would be an achievement, so admirable is its workmanship. Miss Jewett must be judged by her own standards, however; and by her standards her latest tale cannot be regarded as on a level with her most characteristic work. It is not convincing. The story of incident and adventure is not her vocation. Fortunately, she has no need of success in a new field; her own field is ample, and her possession of it complete. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

GILBERT PARKER

Mr. Cable's work never lacks that quality of subtle beauty which captivated the imagination of the country when his earliest stories of Creole life appeared—stories which found their place long ago among the classics of American fiction. In "The Cavalier" he has written a long story of the Civil War, taking for the scene of his drama the country with which he is so familiar, and which he has described again and again with delicate and beautiful skill. "The Cavalier" deals with two themes of the highest dramatic interest—love and war. It is a romance full to overflowing with

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MAURICE HEWLETT

incident and adventure. These episodes are not factitiously brought together to create and sustain an artificial interest, as in many recent tales of adventure; they grow out of the main purpose of the novel, which is to recount the adventures of a company of Confederate scouts whose business it is to be at points of danger and action. The principal love story—there are two—is strikingly bold in conception and is worked out with unusual inventiveness. In hands less skillful it would have been perilous stuff; the wrong emphasis at any moment would have alienated the moral sympathy of the reader. The story, in its rapidity of movement and profusion of incident, brings out a side of Mr. Cable's art which has appeared only in suggestion before. He is full of invention, of subtle perception of emotion, impulse, and the interaction of temperament upon temperament. His material is so abundant that the narrative sometimes fails of clearness; the novelist credits his reader with too much imagination at points. There are traces, also, of too much impressionability; touches of extreme sensitiveness which give a faint impression of unreality. As a whole, the story is less convincing than some other things which have come from

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RUDYARD KIPLING
From the etching by William Strang.

Mr. Cable's hand; but the stamp of his artistic temperament, his fertility of resource, and his delicate art is on it. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

In the eight short stories which reveal as many phases of "The Ruling Passion" Dr. van Dyke abundantly proves his right to use fiction as a literary form. He has written admirable criticisms of the kind which illuminates that which it judges; he has touched the face of nature with a hand at once sure and tender in a series of out-of-door studies full of that abounding life which smiles and frowns and fashions behind the veil of matter, and penetrates it with mystery, spiritual suggestion, elusive beauty; he has dealt with the problems of the religious nature with clear insight, courageous frankness, and inspiring faith. In this volume he comes

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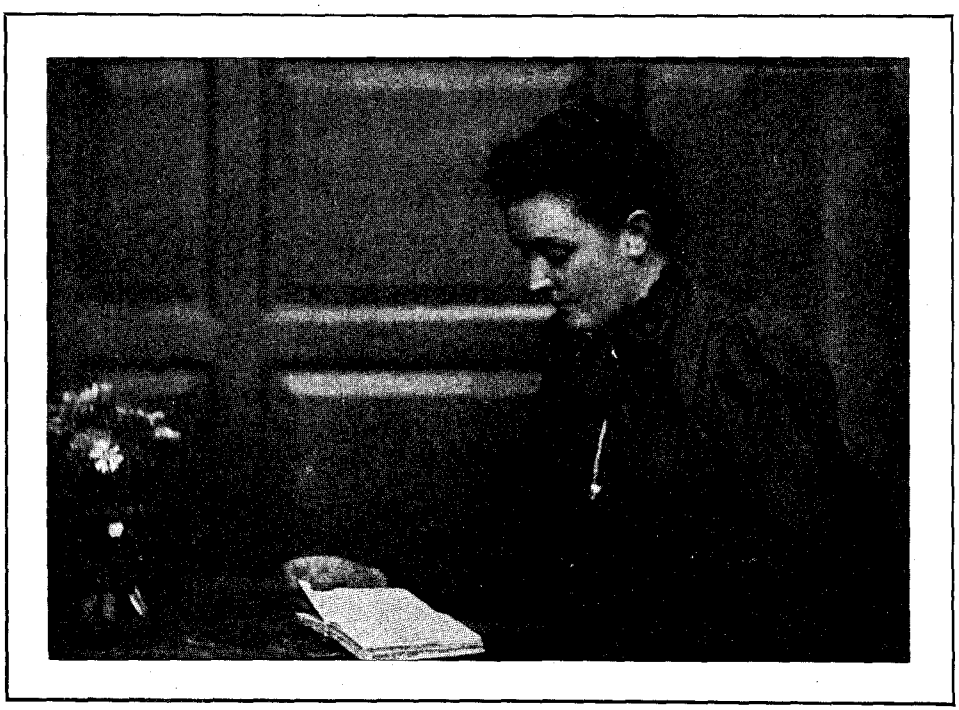
to the heart of man, to the master passion which gives dramatic interest and vibrating intensity to character and action. These stories are vital studies, full of deep knowledge, of penetrating tenderness, of the humor which laughs with and not at its subject, and of the broad, sweet fellowship which, by making a man one with his fellows, makes him also the master of the secrets of character. The prime qualities of fiction are here: depth of feeling, humor, passion, and dramatic power. The manner is strong, searching, masterful; the method large, free, effective. There is genuine psychology behind these studies of character, but the expression is wholly literary; the book is a piece of literature. The subjects are largely drawn from the naïve life of the French *habitant*, the charm of which is compounded of its mixture of love of nature, primitive religious feeling, direct play of the mind on its object, quaint humor, and inherent romanticism. The breath of uncommercial life is in these pages—a life which passes from transparent thought and feeling to swift and uncalculated action; a life which has the simplicity and concentration which are possible only where interests are few, simple, and held with passionate eagerness and jealousy. There is deep poetic sensibility in "A Lover of Music," fresh and flowing humor in "The Reward of Virtue," the incorruptible ideality of love in "A Brave Heart," and a beautiful human tenderness in "A Year of Nobility." A volume so real, sincere, full of vitality, rich in elemental quality, firm in structure, and varied and captivating in style will find its place with the books that are not born with the season and do not die with it. It marks another advance in the development of a writer who has steadily grown in the knowledge of life and the mastery of art. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's work reminds one of an elaborately wrought chalice full of very strong wine. His style is always rich and sometimes of a texture of almost dazzling beauty; and he deals simply and directly with the great passions—the love of man for woman, the hate of man for man, and the revenge of man upon man. There is no morbid interest in unwholesome things in his work; no touch of the penetrating impurity of some of the writers of naturalistic and decadent



SARAH ORNE JEWETT
Photograph by Hollyer.

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MARY JOHNSTON

schools. When he writes of physical passion, he writes with perfect simplicity and directness; his offense is too great plainness of speech, not too curious an interest or too morbid an insight into elemental qualities. In "The New Canterbury Tales" there are rare elements of beauty; in conception and style the book, like its predecessors, stands by itself in our literature—touched with a love of beauty for its own sake which recalls Keats and Spenser and sends one back in memory along half a dozen lines of great artistic descent. The stories are mediæval to the very core, and show extraordinary power of imaginative perception of the inner life of a distant and alien age. The curious commingling of the sacred and the profane, the deep insight into the soul of man combined with childlike credulity and entire lack of critical faculty, the fear of God, the love of beauty, and the apprehension of the nearness and power of the devil—all these characteristic traits of the Middle Ages Mr. Hewlett has put into the background of these stories. It is this integrity of the imagination to the shaping if not to the obvious facts of an age which stamps Mr. Hewlett as an artist of a very deep and rare quality. The first story in this collection—the story of a woman's fight for her honor—like the exquisite "Madonna of the Peach-Tree," shows the extraordinary refinement and delicacy of Mr. Hewlett's imagination and art. The workmanship of the stories is somewhat uneven, but the collection is full of rich and pungent qualities. It must be understood that these tales are written in the mood and with the frankness of speech of the age they describe, and are therefore for older readers. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Mr. Gilbert Parker's work is brilliant, picturesque, dramatic. His studies of the French-Canadian *habitant*, *voyageur*, *courier de bois*, have been in many cases not only admirably wrought out but thoroughly vitalized and convincing. His "Seats of the Mighty" was a captivating romance, full of color, movement, vitality—falling

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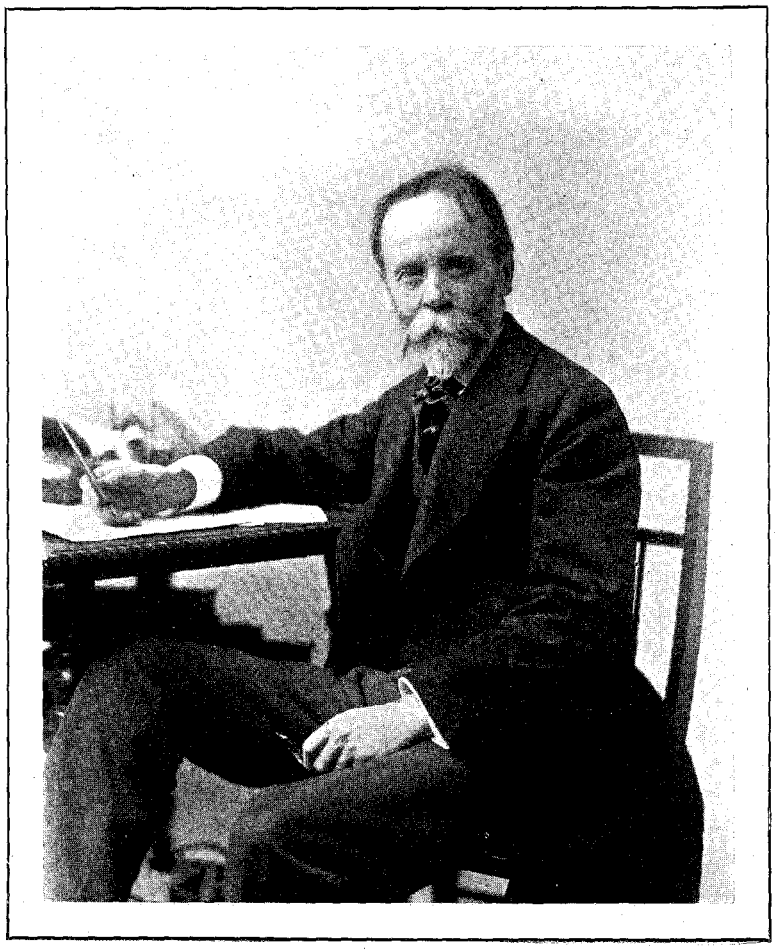
just short, one hardly knew why, of being a lasting achievement. His "Battle of the Strong" contained dramatic material sufficient for half a dozen novels of the average force; it held the attention to the end, and yet very few readers will re-read it. So far, except in his short stories, Mr. Parker has fallen short of the ultimate mastery of his materials. His work has been full of strong qualities; it has been fresh, inventive, touched with passion, brilliant in finish; but it has seemed to lack depth. Apparently the novelist has dealt with his themes from the outside and has brought to his work great skill of the mind without commensurate skill of the heart; he has written from observation rather than insight. In "The Right of Way" there is no lack of brilliancy, but there is far greater depth of feeling than in the earlier novels from the same hand. If the plot is not entirely novel, it is far from being hackneyed; there is abundance of incident; and there is a deep and convincing moral element running through the tale and giving it depth and beauty. In Charles Steele Mr. Parker has created a figure which is singularly well conceived and sustained through many searching experiences; while the Curé and the Seigneur must rank with his most charming studies of French-Canadian character. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Whoever looks to Mr. Kipling for a novel in the conventional sense—plot, love-story, scientific construction, climax, and the like—will be disappointed. Only in "The Light that Failed" and "Naulahka" has he attempted to do that, and then with no conspicuous success. "Kim" is not a novel, any more than the "Plain



GEORGE W. CABLE

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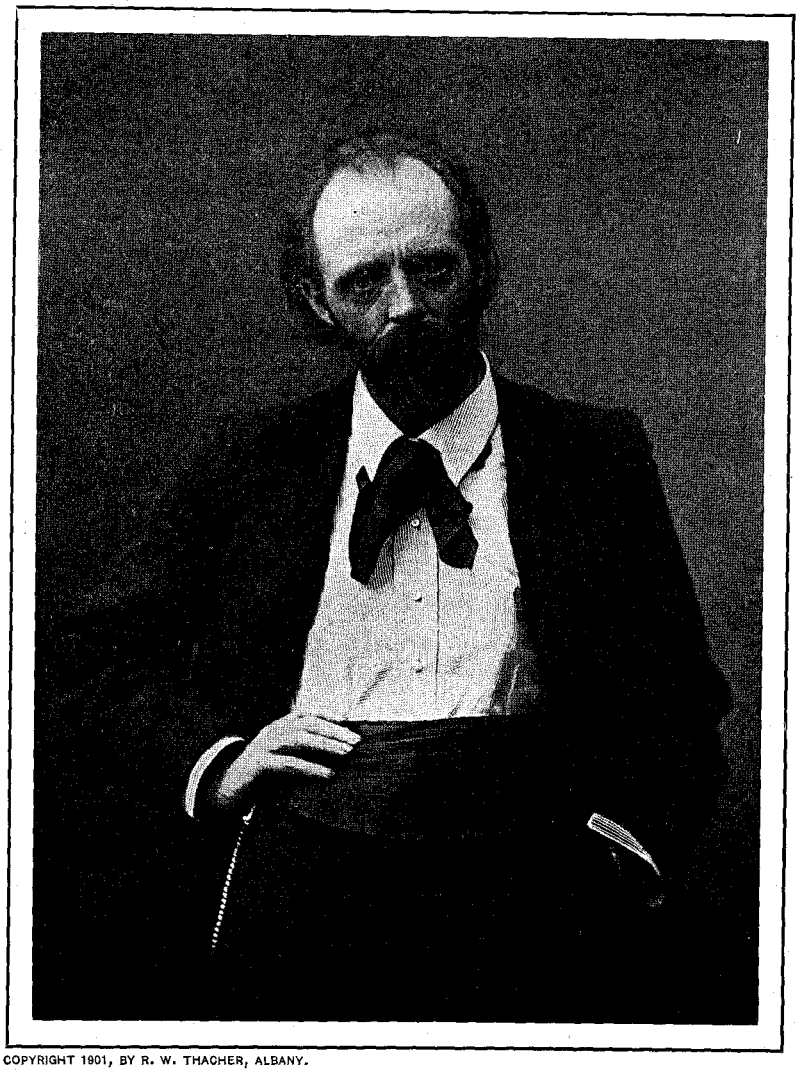
Tales from the Hills" made up a novel, but, like that first book, "Kim" pulsates with life and incident, it pictures human nature and thrills with dramatic power, its characters live and move with a vitality of their own, and it opens a hundred doors to let us see into the strange, varied, secret life of India. The reader feels that the author is back dealing with the subject he loves and treating it in the way called for by his own peculiar genius. A continuous thread of interest in a way supplies the place of plot-development; Kim, the half-Irish, half-Hindu lad brought up by a half-caste woman, preternaturally shrewd, a past-master in the knowledge of the bazaar, the purlieus, the thousand mysteries of native life, is in himself a center of action and provoker of adventure. There is fascination in the romance of his wanderings, ostensibly as the *chela* or disciple of a noble-minded, sweet-natured Llama who is in search of a legendary River of the Arrow where eternal peace abides, but really as a pupil and apprentice in the Indian Secret Service. Thus the "Great Search" and the "Great Game" go on with equal footsteps. With such a subject and a writer of such invention and of unique knowledge of the East, we are sure of delightful episodes, a brilliant panorama



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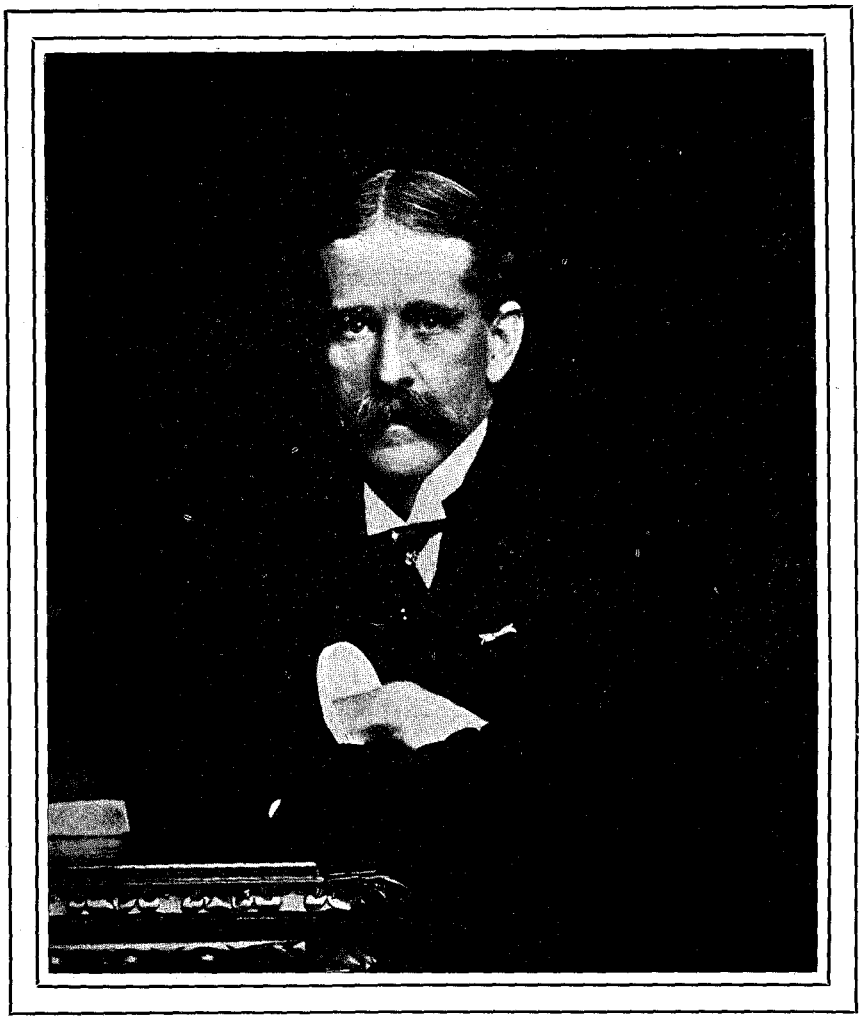

HENRY VAN DYKE

of scenes and pictures, a motley crowd of figures of all imaginable costumes and races—in short, of the picturesque and unusual in an eminent degree. The weakest feature of the book is its occasional complexity and obscurity and consequent dreary stretches; no one knows better than Mr. Kipling how to use clear and strong description and narrative, but he sometimes affects an air of omniscience and subtlety which frets the average reader. But, all faults aside, the book grips the attention firmly, piques the curiosity, and has in it elements of passion and energy. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

Whether Mr. Hall Caine's literary methods, style, and character-portrayal are of a high order or the reverse, it is certain that he has the popular ear. This is shown by the enormous first edition of his "The Eternal City." It is equally evident, after the reading of these more than six hundred pages, that they represent long-continued and serious labor carried through with some stronger motive than the hope of a popular and financial success for the book. This motive is found in the author's sincere and high-minded belief in the ultimate Christian brotherhood of man, his hatred of political and industrial oppression, and his recognition of noble ideals of purity and unselfishness. But, granted that this story of Rome of the present day has an excellent motive, it is to be regretted that its emotionalism is so perfervid, its sentiment so unrepressed, its tragedy so excessively

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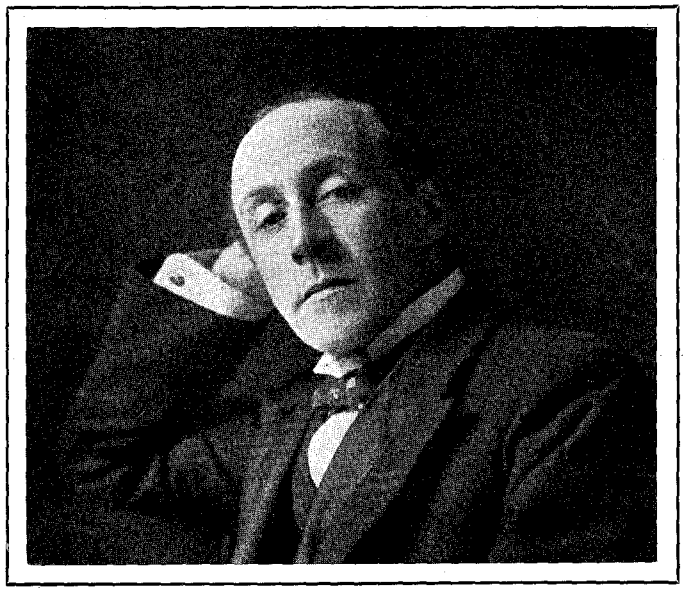
melodramatic, and its comedy so painful. No doubt Mr. Caine has studied Rome closely in its political and external aspects, but his reproduction of the Eternal City is but the slightest sketch as compared with Zola's extraordinary work, "Rome." "The Eternal City" is much less occupied with realities than with ecstatic talk of idealized characters. To our taste, in point of diction and literary restraint there is an immense gulf between "The Deemster" and "The Eternal City." David Rossi, the idealized agitator for freedom and justice, is too continuously eloquent; Roma, the mistress of the Prime Minister (in whom some of Crispi's least commendable traits are evidently combined with others belonging to the average villain of fiction) and later the wife of Rossi, is distressingly arch and sprightly without relaxation; the Pope (a supposititious Pius X.) is sweet and noble, but rather a lay figure; the minor characters give the effect of being made to order to fill in the narrative. There are situations and emotional crises in the book which show strength of invention and force of imagination, but the total effect is that of an overwrought and too high-pitched melodrama. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)



ANTHONY HOPE

It is impossible to deny to Lucas Malet's "The History of Sir Richard Calmady" marked intellectual strength, although there is joined with it a certain perverse leaning toward the abnormal and morbid, a tendency evident in more than one of this writer's previous stories. The author of "Colonel Enderby's Wife" has not until the appearance of the present story equaled that fine piece of writing in finish and subtlety; she may now be said to have distinctly surpassed it also in breadth and strength. Sir Richard is an English landholder and county magnate of a generation ago—a man of strong individuality and native force of character. He has everything that wealth, education, and refinement can afford, but is born an almost helpless cripple, as a prenatal result of the horror felt by his mother at the cruel death of her husband after an amputation. Back of this calamity lies an ancestral curse laid by a wronged woman on an ancestor of Sir Richard, and followed, whether by chance or as a result of the curse, by the early and violent deaths of all the heads of the house. The curse, which is made to seem an actuality rather than a myth by the discovery of ancient books containing it, foreshadows the ending of the train of disasters after just such a birth as that of Sir Richard. Thus baldly stated, the subject would seem repellent and almost impossible for a modern writer, but it must be owned that "Lucas Malet's" subtle analysis of character and motive and powerful presentation of moral crises, to say nothing of her delightful pictures of the social life of the period, make the book strangely fascinating and continuously absorbing. The noble and devoted mother of the deformed hero is one of the finest and truest characters of recent fiction. She is contrasted with almost painful sharpness with a modern Messalina who drags Sir Richard down body and soul, but not irretrievably, as the book ends with the triumph of self-sacrifice and pure love.

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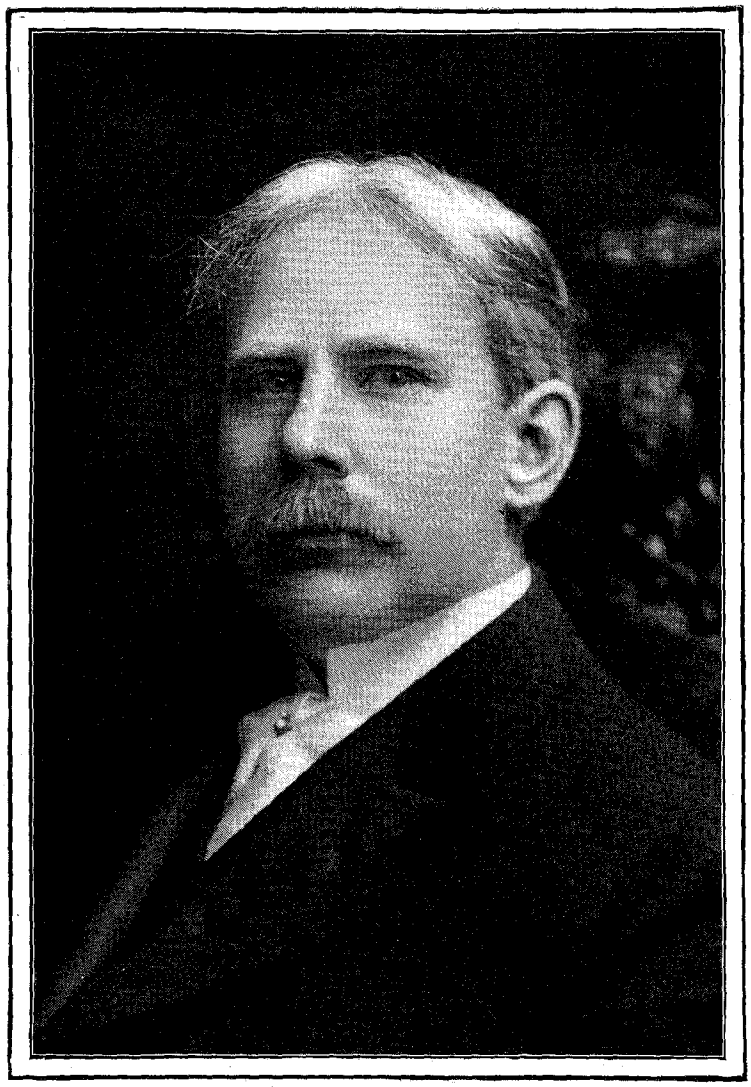

IRVING BACHELLER

The underlying moral purpose of the book is essentially high, but the author has in at least one instance allowed her art to take her beyond the line of what is admissible in English fiction in the way of realistic treatment of the sensual. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

In commenting on Miss Mary Johnston's "To Have and to Hold" a year or more ago we pointed out as its chief artistic defect the overcrowding of its pages with incident and adventure. It was this defect which led some hasty critics to characterize Miss Johnston's Virginia romances as "glorified dime novels"—an unjust criticism because, leaving pirates and Indians and hair-breadth escapes aside, "To Have and to Hold" and "Prisoners of Hope" were admirable as pictures of manners, as truly imaginative romance, and as fine and sometimes exquisite pieces of writing. In her new book, "Audrey," Miss Johnston avoids excess of action and handles her historic and plot material with more reserve and greater skill in selection. The book has, therefore, more of credibility and less of sensationalism. Again Virginia in the colonial times is the background, and in it move and talk and love a few choice and delicately portrayed men and women whose life stories flow easily

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at times, while at others their threads are snarled almost hopelessly. The book has the charm of an idyl, but is not without the supporting strength of a definite plot worked out skillfully and with a nice sense of proportion. The author seems to have steeped herself in the social atmosphere of the period treated, and her sympathy is as strong as her knowledge is complete. "Audrey" has true and honest feeling. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

A Western romance of real life of noteworthy freshness and strength is Mr. Stewart Edward White's "The Westerners." As we have already pointed out, it deals with the period when the discovery of rich ore in the Black Hills first drew all kinds and conditions of men to that region. Hence this story gives us the play and interplay of New Englanders, Virginians, mountaineers, trappers, half-breeds, etc., one upon another in the mad rush for gain. (McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.)

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

We have already spoken with appreciation of Mr. Hawkins's (Anthony Hope's) "Tristram of Blent" (McClure, Phillips & Co.) as an extremely clever treatment of a singularly strong situation and as a pleasing picture of modern English social life; the book is one as far removed as possible in manner and subject from "The Prisoner of Zenda," and shows that the author is not limited in power to one class of fiction. Other novels which have lately been described in The Outlook are: Mr. Irving Bacheller's "D'ri and I" (The Lothrop Publishing Company), containing a fine study of a sturdy American like and yet unlike Eben Holden, together with a stirring and rapidly moving tale of adventure and fighting; Mr. R. W. Chambers's "Cardigan" (Harper & Brothers), an elaborate and brilliant historical romance dealing chiefly with Sir William Johnson and the conditions in the Mohawk Valley just before the Revolution; Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan's "Tales of the Cloister" (Harper & Brothers), a collection of stories of far more than average ability, all relating more or less closely to convent life; Mr. E. K. Benson's remarkable story of soldier's life in the Civil War, called "A Friend with the Countersign" (The Macmillan Company); Mr. Hornung's lively "Raffles," which continues the adventures of the "Amateur Cracksman" (Charles Scribner's Sons); Mr. Maurice Low's "Supreme Surrender" (Harper & Brothers), a notably forceful study of contrasts in Washington life; Mr. Hallowell Sutcliffe's "Mistress Barbara" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), in which is found a sociological study of the life of English mill-hands, mill-owner, poachers, county families, and farm laborers, combined with a thoroughly readable tale; and "Blennerhassett" (C. M. Clark Company), which has a claim to historical value as a serious attempt to place Aaron Burr in a more favorable light than that in which he is generally regarded. These and not a few other novels of varying merit should be included in any general view of the fiction production of the present season.

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NOTTINGHAM
AND ITS WRITERS

By Annie G. Porritt

There is a town that ages past did lie
In a low glade and sent up tranquilly
Its fleecy clouds among old Sherwood's boughs.
—*Mary Howitt.*

STRATFORD-ON-AVON and Chelsea are shrines visited by every American, and though each is dedicated to the memory of only one man, no one would grudge the honor done to Shakespeare and Carlyle. There are, however, other places in England not so generally found on the list of the American tourist, places around which many literary associations have gathered, shrines to the memory not perhaps of any one outstanding name so great as the Bard of Avon, but of a number of lesser lights in the firmament of English literature. Norwich, the birthplace of the founders of Trinity Hall and Caius College, Cambridge, and the home of the Opies; and Warrington, forever associated with the name of Priestley and the little circle of Unitarians in which he moved, are two of these places; and a third, to which attention has recently been called through an effort on the part of one of its citizens to keep alive its literary fame, is Nottingham. Nottingham has been made illustrious as the home or birthplace of a number of England's great men and women; but the fact that Henry Kirke White was born and brought up there, and that Byron's early home was within a few miles of the town gates, would be sufficient to make famous the name of this old English town.

ALFRED THE GREAT
After a drawing by G. Longhi.

To these two well-known poets, and also to five others of Nottingham's children who have brought glory to their native place, there are to be erected busts or portraits in bronze; and, in addition, a number of the historic places of Nottingham are to be marked by tablets, that visitors may be able to trace the part that Nottingham has played in English history, and that the townspeople may not lose sight of their grand historic past in the

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WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT

From an engraving by J. W. Steel after a drawing from life.

midst of the busy whirl of money-making in the present.

The man by whose will this commemoration of the past is to be done was himself a native and resident of Nottingham. His name was William Stevenson Holbrook. He was a man of the middle class, of average intelligence and education, but with feelings and aspirations for the better and loftier in art and culture which went ahead of his knowledge and ability. For some time he was a clerk in the service of the Castle Museum, and it is probable that his surroundings there did much to awaken a reverence for art and a desire to rank himself among the initiated. He haunted book-stalls and second-hand book shops, and gradually collected a very considerable library. But even here he was hampered by a lack of knowledge, and his books, which he left to the public library of Nottingham, were few of them fit for a place anywhere except on the shelves of the circulating library. He collected coins, but out of several thousand only four were deemed worthy a place in the Castle Museum.

What Holbrook failed to do during his life in the furtherance of art or the advance of culture may perhaps, however, be done by his means after his death. Although never in the receipt of more than a very moderate salary, his wants were few, he was unmarried and had no one dependent on him, and at his death he had accumulated several thousand pounds. By his will he left the bulk of his money to the mayor, aldermen, and citizens of Nottingham, to be spent in erecting busts to the memory of Lord

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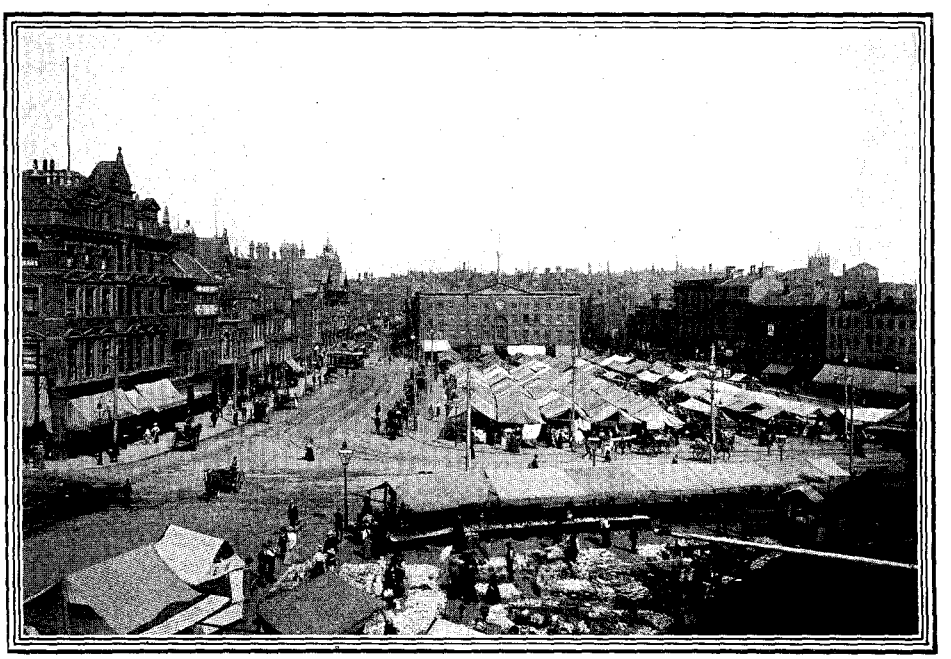
Byron, Henry Kirke White, William and Mary Howitt, Robert Millhouse, Thomas Miller, and Philip James Bailey. The amount to be spent on each bust is limited to £300, and there is a proviso that the bust to the author of "Festus" shall not be erected until after his death. In addition to the £1,800 to be spent on the busts, £200 was left for the identification of historic spots, one of which, the spot where King Charles I. raised the first banner of the Civil War, is specifically mentioned in the will.

Mr. Holbrook died last year, and the trustees have already taken some steps in the carrying out of the bequest. The bust of Philip James Bailey, which under the terms of the will cannot yet be erected, is complete. Like all the others, it is of bronze, and has been executed by Mr. Albert Toft. This bust will have the great advantage over the others of being a real likeness, as Mr. Bailey, whose picturesque figure is familiar to the inhabitants of Nottingham, has been able to give a number of sittings to the artist. Philip Bailey has always had a most cordially friendly feeling for America, as indeed is only natural, for when his great work, "Festus," was first published, it met with a much warmer reception in America than in England, and while it has gone to ten editions in England, there have been no less than thirty editions in the United States. Mr. Bailey is now in his eighty-fifth year, and, while remarkably hale and well preserved, he leads a very quiet life in his pleasant suburban villa. He is always kindly and cordial in his reception of visitors, and appears to enjoy any genuine appreciation of his one great poem.

The bust of Henry Kirke White has been undertaken by Mr. Oliver Sheppard, A.R.H.A., who is now the director of the Nottingham Art School, and who is using the portrait of Kirke White which is in Nottingham Castle as the basis of his work. William and Mary Howitt are to be presented together on a bas-relief by Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., and Mr. Drury, A.R.A., is undertaking the bust of Byron. With regard to Robert Millhouse and Thomas Miller, the trustees are in some difficulty as to how to carry out the provision of the will. There are no portraits of these poets, and although Miller lived until 1874, there seems to be no means of ascertaining anything concerning the personal appearance of either of them. Robert Millhouse was closely connected with Nottingham all his life, and his best-known poem, "Sherwood Forest," commemorates the forest as he



MARKET DAY IN NOTTINGHAM

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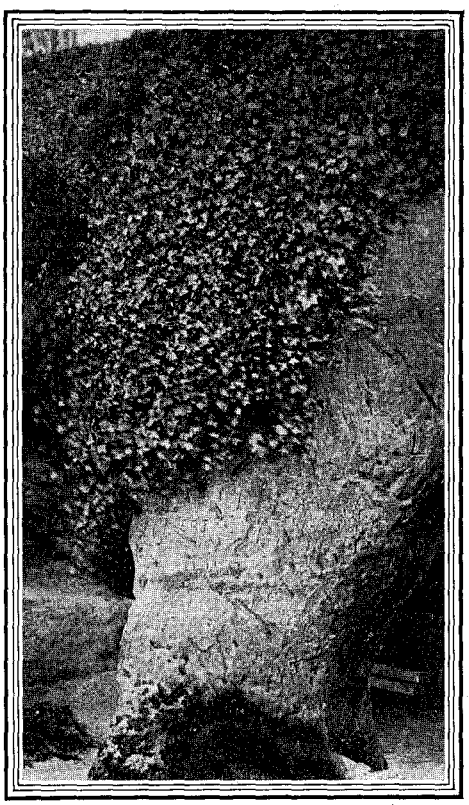
remembered it, before it was denuded of the best of its timber to build cruisers, battle-ships, and transports for the preservation of England against the ambition of Napoleon. Thomas Miller's connection with Nottingham was comparatively slight. He was living in Nottingham when he published his first volume of poems in 1833, but he shortly afterwards went to London. London was his home for the rest of his life. He supported himself by his work as a basket-maker; but during the forty-one years of his residence in London he published forty-four volumes, novels and collections of poems, few of which have had any lasting fame. The publication of his first poems, "Sea Nymphs," was largely due to the kindly interest taken in him by Thomas Bailey, the father of Philip J. Bailey, who at that time was editing the Nottingham "Mercury," and who was always keenly alive to any signs of promise in the young men with whom he came in contact.



AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE ROBIN HOOD CAVES

The whole family of the Howitts and their Quaker connections belonged to Nottingham, and the three brothers, William, Richard, and Godfrey, the sons of Thomas and Phœbe Howitt, were all well-known figures in the town. William married Mary Botham, of Uttoxeter, and their home became for some years the center of the literary life of Nottingham. Like many other English writers, the Howitts found their best audience on the other side of the Atlantic, and it is scarcely necessary to give any account here of the couple who have so well established a place in all American libraries.

The Howitts are linked to Byron through the account given by Mary Howitt to her sister Anne of Byron's funeral. Newstead Abbey, about eight miles from Nottingham, had been the family seat of the Byrons for many years previous to the birth of Lord Byron, and in fact the family claimed to have been connected with Nottingham since the Norman Conquest. Byron first came to his homestead as a young boy, and much of his youth was passed there. It is said that there are still preserved in Nottingham the trees for Lord Byron's shoes, which were made for him by a man named Swift. Swift always declared that there was no malformation about Lord Byron's foot, but that the ankle was weak and one leg somewhat shorter than the other, and this assertion is borne out by the trees. After Byron's quarrel with his wife, he sold Newstead Abbey; but after his death his body was brought to Nottingham to be buried in the family vault. Mary Howitt describes the poet's funeral as "a disgraceful scene of confusion," very few respectable persons being present, but "plenty of rabble." "Nottingham, which connects everything with politics," she writes, "could not help making even the passing respect to our poet's memory a political question. He was a Whig, he hated priests, and was a lover of liberty; he was the author of 'Don Juan' and 'Cain.' So the Tory party, which is the same as saying the gentry, would not notice even his coffin. The parsons had their feud, and therefore not a bell tolled when he came or went."

Among the men connected with Nottingham is Henry Kirke White, a true genius and a most pathetic figure. The son of a butcher, his father was long

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LORD BYRON
From the Portrait by Phillips.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE
The Portrait in Nottingham Castle.

determined to make the boy follow his own trade, and when he absolutely refused to do so, he was put to learn the making of hosiery. Constantly persevering in his determination to study, he at length went to Cambridge to study law and entered the University. While there he managed to get a little volume of poems published, with a dedication to the Duchess of Devonshire. But, like many a young author of promise in the earlier days of literary criticism, he was cruelly treated by the reviewers, who wounded him to the quick by reflections on his personal character. In ill health, disappointment, and wounded pride, there came into his life one bright ray in the generous encouragement of Southey, who was then Poet Laureate; but the young genius, who had as yet only given to the world a glimpse of what he might perform, had overtaxed his strength, and when only just twenty-one, with so little accomplished and so much that yet he might do, he died. Up to the present time the only memorials of Kirke White in Nottingham are his picture swinging as a sign before the tiny tavern which occupies one half of the house in Exchange Alley where he was born (the other half being devoted still to its historic use as a butcher's shop), and a portrait of him in the Castle Museum. Neither in his lifetime nor since his death has Nottingham shown any great appreciation of her poet, but the reproach of her neglect will to some degree be removed when Mr. Holbrook's bequest has been carried out.

The task of Mr. Holbrook's trustees in regard to the busts has its difficulties; but the difficulties are a thousand times greater in regard to the marking of historic spots with tablets. The difficulties in this work are of two kinds—the selection of the events to be commemorated and the finding of the right spot on which to erect the tablet. Nottingham does not lack spots of historic interest, for it has had its full share in the making of history from the days before the banners of Julius Cæsar were carried through Albion. Tradition says that the first town on the site was founded 980 B.C., and that this town was the scene of a desperate battle and great slaughter in the reign of the British king Albanact—a tragedy that gave the name of the "Dolorous Hill" to the height on which the Castle now stands. It is probable, though not certain, that the Romans had a walled city on the same site; but historic Nottingham begins in the days of the Saxons.

The name Nottingham was given to the town on account of the many curious caves which are to be found in the heights

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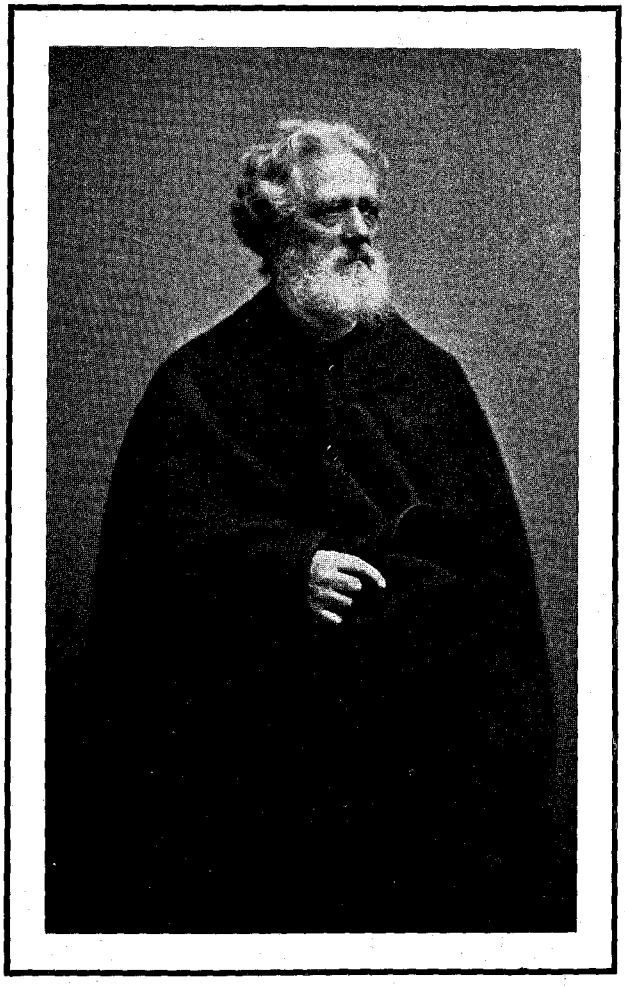
within the town limits—Snottingaham, the Saxon name, meaning cave-town. One of these caves, a subterranean passage running from the Castle grounds away to the town below, is known as Mortimer's Hole. Through it the emissaries of King Edward III. made their way into the Castle, which was then held by Queen Isabella, Edward's wicked mother, and her favorite, Roger Mortimer. Mortimer was captured and afterwards hanged at Tyburn, and Edward, who had hitherto been kept in tutelage, became the ruling sovereign.



PHILIP J. BAILEY

The heights rising far above the fertile valley of the Trent offered to Dane and Saxon a safe camping-ground commanding the center of England, and the struggle between the earlier and the later Teuton invaders was waged around this vantage-point for two hundred years. Alfred the Great here inflicted a severe defeat on the Danes, and here Canute, the greatest of the Danes, attempted to gather his unruly subjects into an orderly council. When William the Norman set down the particulars of his new kingdom in the Domesday Book, Nottingham had 173 burgesses and nineteen husbandmen.

The history of the Castle begins with the reign of the Conqueror. William made his illegitimate son, William Peverel, Lord of Nottingham, and Peverel erected on the heights a strong castle to overawe the country round. The town that gradually grew up under the shadow of the castle was divided into two limits—the English and the Norman; and this double borough continued to exist until 1714. In Norman days, if a man was killed in the English limits, the blood price was six shillings and eightpence; if in the French, eighteen shillings. Nottingham from earliest times was a borough by prescription; but it also obtained a series of royal charters confirming and enlarging its prescriptive rights, the first charter being granted by Henry II. Henry II. and his two royal sons, Richard and John, made Nottingham Castle their residence. Here Henry assembled a great council, whose work was to divide England into six circuits for assizes; and here Richard I. besieged his treacherous brother who had endeavored to make himself king during Richard's absence in Palestine and in captivity. Three times Edward III. assembled Parliament at Nottingham, and from the Castle Richard II. made a memorable attempt to coerce the sheriffs and electors to choose such knights to Parliament as the king and his council should name—an attempt which was met by a sturdy assertion of the rights of the

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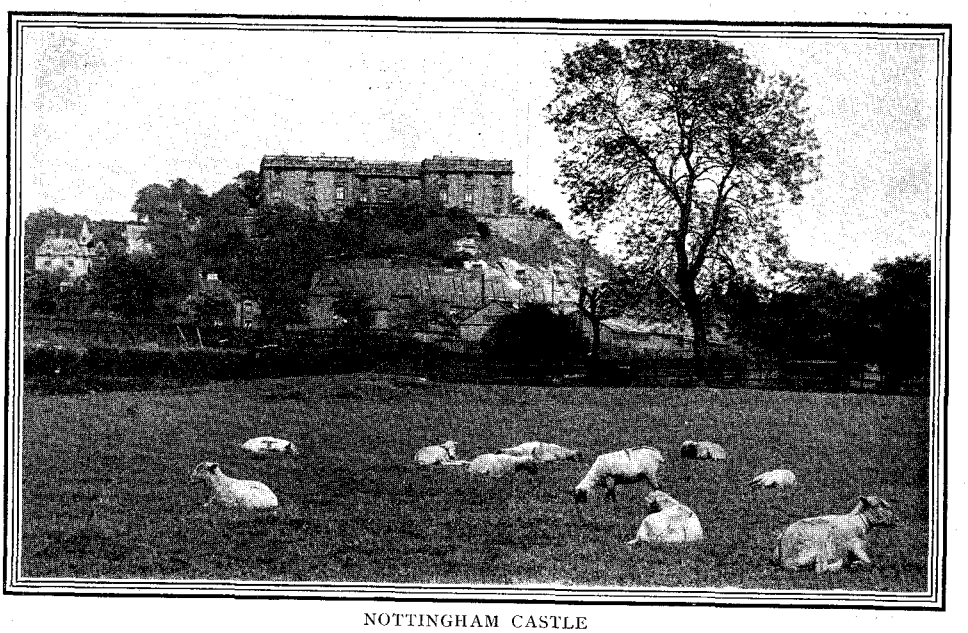
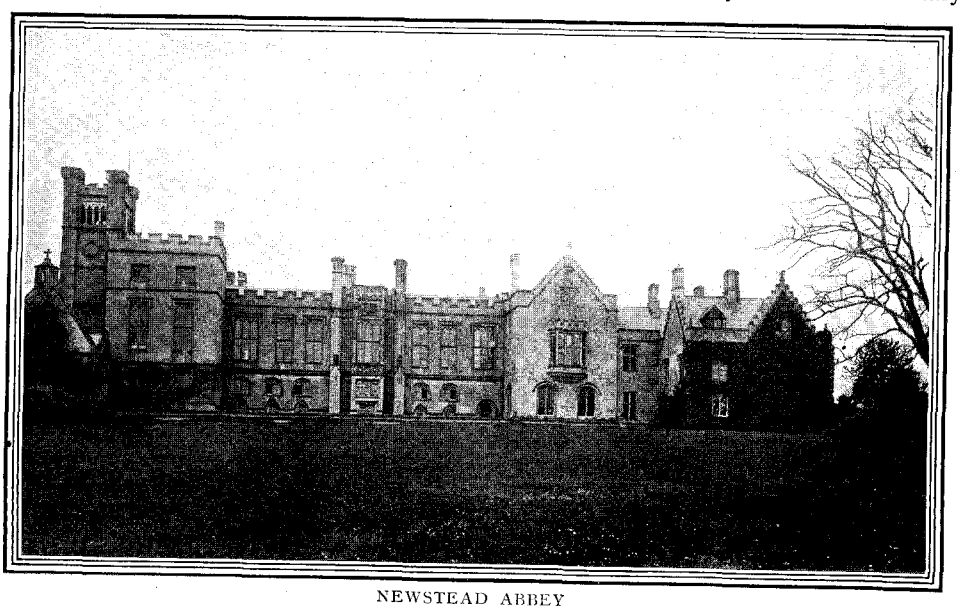


NOTTINGHAM CASTLE

commons. "As for choosing knights of the shire," said the sheriffs in their reply to King Richard, "the commons would undoubtedly use their ancient liberties and privileges in choosing such as they thought meetest."

In all the stormy periods of English history Nottingham has had a full part. Here Edward IV. caused himself to be proclaimed King, and by his additions to the Castle he made it the strongest fortress of middle England, and from this Castle Henry VII. marched to defeat the forces of Lambert Simnel, the pretender, at Stoke. The most stirring events that took place around Nottingham Castle, however, belong to the great struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament. In the grounds of the Castle Charles set up his standard and summoned the faithful to his support. The Castle was shortly afterwards taken by the Parliamentary



NEWSTEAD ABBEY
The Home of Lord Byron.

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forces, and was held by Colonel Hutchinson until the growing power of Cromwell made Hutchinson fear in him the advent of a worse tyrant than Charles himself; and to weaken Cromwell, Hutchinson demolished the Castle. At the Restoration the Castle passed into the possession of the first Duke of Newcastle, who pulled down the ruined fortress and replaced it with a mansion built in Grecian style, with an equestrian statue over the main entrance, a statue of which there now remains only a fragment. This building was burned in 1831, as a result of the opposition of the fourth Duke of Newcastle to Reform. Nottingham, although not one of the towns to which Reform was to bring relief, for it already had a wide franchise and the number of its voters was little likely to be increased by the Reform Bill, made a most determined stand for Reform; and the outbreak, which resulted in the burning of Nottingham Castle and the destruction of the statue, served as a warning to the King and his Ministers and did much to bring about the passage of the Act of 1832.

Nottingham's chief industries are the manufacture of lace curtains and of hosiery, and Nottingham was the scene of the riots and machine-breaking which in 1811 were led by a local hero known as King Ludd. The machinery for lace-making is also made at Nottingham, and not a week passes without the sending of one, at least, of these elaborate and expensive machines to the United States, where lace-making is now established, but where as yet the machinery is imported.

The present appearance of Nottingham bears witness to its long and interesting history. It is a highly picturesque city, with the new and the old in curious juxtaposition. Many of the buildings have an overhanging story supported on a colonnade, and old almshouses and ancient taverns and churches intervene between modern factories and business blocks. There is a fine library conducted on lines very similar to those of the best American public libraries. There are frequent bulletins, and the librarians are helpers of readers and not mere custodians of books, as is still so often the case in English libraries. University College draws students from all England, and in connection with it there is a fine and well-equipped technical school, where lace and hosiery making have special attention.

Some Important Contributions to Theology[1]

THESE volumes are all distinctively publications both for our times and from our times. No other era except our own could have produced them. They are distinctly valuable as "topics of the times," and curiously indicate the various and apparently conflicting tendencies of thought in the evangelical churches. For they are all products, it will be observed, of evangelical thought: the first two volumes are by Episcopal clergymen; the third is by a professor in Oberlin Seminary; the fourth comes from one of the foremost preachers of the evangelical faith in New England, and widely known both in and out of New England as an interpreter of the New Puritanism; the fifth curiously illustrates the possible combination of the old and the new, since the author uses the old textual method yet reaches results so different from those of former textual interpreters that his book has led to his resignation of his chair in the Chicago Theological Seminary; the sixth, which is philosophical rather than theological, employs a curious hypothesis to defend individual freedom against the fatalism of pantheism on the one hand and of materialism on the other.

Bishop Brewster represents admirably the modern spirit in dealing with the

[1] *Aspects of Revelation.* By Chauncey B. Brewster, D.D., Bishop of Connecticut. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

The Incarnation. By the Rev. H. V. S. Eck, M.A., sometime Vice-Principal of Ely Theological College. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Reconstruction in Theology. By Henry Churchill King, Professor of Theology in Oberlin Theological Seminary. The Macmillan Co., New York.

The New Epoch for Faith. By George A. Gordon, Minister of the Old South Church, Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The First Interpreters of Jesus. By George Holley Gilbert, Ph.D., D.D., Professor of New Testament Literature and Interpretation in Chicago Theological Seminary. The Macmillan Co., New York.

The Limits of Evolution and Other Essays Illustrating the Metaphysical Theory of Personal Idealism. By G. H. Howison, LL.D., Mills Professor of Philosophy in the University of California. The Macmillan Co., New York.

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problem of revelation. He manifests that spirit in his freedom from ecclesiastical prejudgment, in his open-mindedness, in his spiritual point of view. He is unpolemical, in a true sense uncritical; that is, he has little, if anything, to say either in criticism or defense of old-time theories of revelation; he takes up the problem much as if it were a new one, and rather states conclusions than argues them. His book is written, or rather his lectures were delivered—for his volume is a publication of the Baldwin Lectures at Ann Arbor for 1900—on the principle that if the truth be affirmed it will commend itself, an assumption which underlies, as it appears to us, much of the teaching of Paul and all of the teaching of Jesus Christ.

In Bishop Brewster's view revelation is not "primarily or essentially a communication of propositions to the intellect, but an unfolding and unveiling of the moral and spiritual truth to man's whole spiritual nature;" it is therefore within the man, a light illuminating him, rather than external to him like a bolt of lightning which strikes him; it is a perpetual present experience, not merely an ancient and historic one; something of it is to be found in pagan religions—with Augustine the author believes that "the very thing which now is called the Christian religion was among the ancients, nor has it been wanting from the beginning of the race of men." Revelation, therefore, is progressive, a revelation of God *to* man *through* man; it is partial, a revelation of the Supreme Being as related to us, and "welling up under the form of consciousness;" it necessarily presupposes the personality of God and the personality of man, and an intercommunion between the two. Revelation presupposes also the inherent and essential kinship of man with God: "It is deep calling unto deep; the great deep of the divine fullness of wisdom and love calling to the very depth of man's being in an appeal from personal life to a person who may respond." It thus finds its true consummation in Jesus Christ, Son of man and Son of God, who is the perfect revelation of God to man because the perfect indwelling of God in man. The volume is written without display of scholarship on the one hand, or ambition for originality on the other; and it appears to us to contain a very admirable statement of the modern subjective or spiritual view of revelation as an unveiling of God in history—especially the history of Israel; in Jesus Christ—God manifest in the flesh; and in the spiritual consciousness of every soul which is in fellowship with God.

Mr. Eck's volume on the Incarnation, coming also from a Churchman and written also in exposition if not defense of the evangelical faith, represents a tendency of thought in the Church almost directly antipodal to that represented by Bishop Brewster. The author starts from a different position, pursues a different method, and reaches a different result. His volume is one of the "Oxford Library of Practical Theology," and represents the Oxford or High Church school. Mr. Eck presupposes the accuracy of the Church's teaching concerning the Incarnation, and proceeds to show what this teaching involves, and to defend it as Scriptural and rational and answering to man's needs. He lays stress on the Virgin Birth; sets forth both Christ's divinity and his manhood, but declines to attempt any reconciliation of the two conceptions; gives much more space to a study of the teaching of the Church as set forth in its successive Councils than to any interpretation of the teaching either of Christ concerning himself or of the Apostles concerning him; and affirms respecting the Eucharist a doctrine which we find it difficult to distinguish practically from that of transubstantiation: his exact words are that "after and by virtue of consecration they [the bread and wine] become what they were not before, and are no longer 'common bread nor common wine,' but the body and blood of the Incarnate Jesus." He does not, however, add that the soul and divinity of Jesus Christ are contained in the bread and wine. Perhaps we cannot better give his doctrine of the Incarnation than by one other quotation: "Just as with the utmost propriety we can speak of the Child in his Mother's arms as God, so, too, with the utmost propriety the Church speaks of the consecrated elements as the body and blood of the Saviour." What effect this volume may have in nourishing the faith of those who delight in what we may call a mystico-ecclesiastical religion we cannot tell; it certainly will not have any effect

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to commend the faith of the Church in Incarnation to those who desire a rational faith and can entertain no other.

In curious contrast to Mr. Eck's volume is that by Professor King on "Reconstruction in Theology." The title presupposes, and the preface in its opening sentence distinctly affirms, what the Oxford school would certainly deny, namely, that "a new constructive period in theology, it may well be believed, is at hand." That school would probably agree that "the appeal made in support of these positions to Scripture and primitive Christianity against the authority of councils and ecclesiastics could end logically only in a defense of entire *freedom of conscience and freedom of investigation*" (italics the author's), but it would for that very reason deny the right of any such appeal; it would probably recognize, as Professor King does, that this entire freedom of conscience and investigation is "the only consistent Protestant position," but it would equally condemn Protestantism and the liberty to which it leads. Protestantism also leads to another conclusion which Professor King well epitomizes in the following words: "God has, therefore, probably not at any point stepped in miraculously to get a mechanically perfect outcome, when the morally ideal result did not appear. He is not dictating ideal propositions; he is educating men." This antithesis puts finely the two contrasted postulates of modern theology, the ecclesiastical and the rational, or the particular and the universal. The term Catholic, the name which the former delights to assume, appears to us a singularly inappropriate misnomer. In this non-ecclesiastical, or rational, or universal, or truly catholic spirit, Professor King writes of reconstruction in theology. His fundamental postulate is that theology, to be true, must be vital, and to be true and vital must be an expression of the personal relations of man to God as revealed in Jesus Christ: theology is only a thoughtful and unified expression of what religion means to us; the ideal of religion is "to come into such ethical and spiritual relations to God as those in which Christ stood;" and these were personal relations. This conception of religion should consequently determine the character and the lines of theological thinking. The dominant conception both of religion and of theology is therefore given in the idea of friendship with God—which necessarily includes right relations with one's fellows. Thus theology must be both personal and social from the start, and the lost unity in theology must be found in this line of thought.

Professor King attempts no full statement of theology upon this line, but clears the ground for it. He shows how modern philosophy and psychology lead toward it, how the intellectual, moral, and spiritual set of modern currents runs into a deepening sense of the worth of personality, and a heightening estimate of the worth of Christ as the supreme person in human history, supreme because above all others putting us into personal touch with God as Father. Professor King carefully guards his idea of friendship with God from mysticism and sentimentalism: it is thoroughly and sanely ethical, as it grows and deepens in the life of one who holds, with Lotze, that "religion is a deed." He applies this principle to revelation as embodied in the books of the Old and New Testaments, accepting the modern or literary view of the Bible, and the modern or spiritual conception of revelation as distinguished from the mechanical conception. In this respect he is practically at one with Bishop Brewster; on the other hand, in his view of the Incarnation he is in striking contrast with Mr. Eck. It is inconceivable that he should speak of "the Child in his Mother's arms as God." "The greatest denial of his [Christ's] divinity," says Professor King, "must be not inability to receive certain statements about his essence or substance, however time-honored these statements, but the fact that a man does not find God in Christ, that without sense of contradiction a man can leave Christ outside, in his highest religious experiences of communion with God." To this is added with approval Herrmann's statement: "The Deity of Christ can only be expressed by saying that the mind and will of the everlasting God stand before us in the historically active will of this man."

Oberlin stood for a spiritual theology in days when it was less insisted upon than now. Such a theology has been fostered by the intellectual and moral

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influences which during the last sixty years have made a new world of thought. Philosophic materialism has collapsed. Biological study has led back to the still veiled shrine of all life, God immanent in his world. Orthodoxy, growing less impersonal, cries with increasing emphasis, "Back to Christ," and at his side calls for a better intellectual expression of Christianity in terms of the ethico-spiritual life. In the decay of the Protestant creeds we have come, as Professor King says, to a parting of the ways, where men must have "much more religion or much less." Religious advance is conditioned on escape from the antagonism between the old forms of religious thought and the new aspect of the world. On such a reconstruction of religious thought as this book contends for the Church must in considerable measure depend for both unifying of religious thought and the vitalizing power of religion in the Church and the world.

It is difficult to know how to classify Dr. Gordon's "A New Epoch for Faith." It deals with a certain aspect of the philosophy of religion, and is therefore in its theme theological; but in its spirit and method it is literature rather than theology. Most really able treatises on theology are like a tree in winter, whose skeleton is so silhouetted against the sky that one can see with ease the trunk and every bough and branch and twig and their relationship to each other; Dr. Gordon's book is so full of foliage that its outline is obscured partly by the life which animates, partly by the beauty which clothes it. It is theological in the same sense in which Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma" is theology.

The author's spirit is embodied and his purpose is indicated in the following sentence near the close of the volume: "The great opportunity of Christianity is yet to come. It has so far been the faith of which the world is not worthy." So far from believing that Christianity is a decadent religion, or the present age one which indicates even its temporary eclipse, Dr. Gordon holds that the epoch is one for faith, and Christianity itself is more vital, more pervasive, more powerful than ever before in the history of Christendom. The very criticisms which seem to the discouraged believer to indicate a decay of faith indicate to Dr. Gordon its increased vitality and its enlarged opportunity. The age is humanitarian; the enhanced emphasis laid upon humanity is attested by the French Revolution, by the tone and tenor of modern poetry, the most notable illustration being that of Robert Burns, by the birth of Socialism, by the discovery of the law of evolution ("evolution that thought to cast man down to hell has raised him to heaven"), by the wonderful missionary activity of the Christian Church, by the influence of the United States in contemporaneous history—in brief, by the advent of democracy and all which it involves. These concurrent and connected phenomena constitute the coming of man to himself, and are the precursors of his coming to God his Father. Thus "the advent of humanity," so far from being a lapse from, is a development of life, and therefore a preparation for faith which springs from life. The new criticism of the Bible and the new conception of Christ which fill many with dismay should fill all with hope. It characterizes a recognition of the truth that Christianity is a religion fitted for man because it is a revelation of God to man through man; the new faith begins to perceive that "Jesus is the utmost God can do for mankind;" that he is "the ideal incarnation of God," a preparation for, but not to be superseded by, the universal incarnation of God in humanity. Thus the age is coming into a "new appreciation of Christianity," by coming into a new appreciation of the priesthood, the prophethood, and the kinghood of Christ; and in this change of the world's view to what we may call a more rational and a more human theology it is getting a new endowment of power. The "discipline of doubt" is strengthening faith; it is eliminating superstition, pessimism, and materialism, and is leading to a new spiritual realism: "the wise believer will rejoice in the baffled thought that issues in profounder seriousness and in greater honesty." The evolution of history conducts to faith by showing the philosophical impossibility of its negation; one of the most original chapters in the book is that in which the author shows how the humors involved in the incongruities of life, and the irony involved in its contradictions, if the thought of God be banished from our

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thought, make that banishment impossible and compel us to recur to a reverent theism.

In thus presenting the skeleton of this volume stripped of its leafage we do it injustice. The charm of the volume is in its humanity, its classic imagination, its quaint humor, its wise use of wide reading, its insight, its well-sustained hopefulness; and these qualities cannot be transferred to the pages of a review.

The "First Interpreters of Jesus" deals with the teaching of the Apostolic writers of the New Testament. It is exegetical rather than theological. Its conclusion that Paul did not teach the pre-existence of Christ led the Seminary in which Dr. Gilbert was a professor to welcome his resignation, if not indirectly to ask for it. We have already editorially declared our conviction that this action of the Seminary authorities was a distinct mistake; that there is nothing in Professor Gilbert's teaching which is not within the limits of legitimate freedom in the evangelical churches; and that to remove from his chair so eminent a scholar and so fair-minded a teacher because his interpretations do not agree with those of the trustees is a distinct blow to the efficiency of teaching in theological seminaries, and therefore to the efficiency of the ministry in our churches. We have no occasion here to do more than reaffirm this conviction.

But, having said this, we must also say that this volume of Professor Gilbert's does not appear to us to belong in the front rank of modern interpretative works. Its spirit is admirable; it is unprejudiced; the author seeks only to know and to teach the truth. But its method is not modern, nor one likely to yield the best results. Professor Gilbert uses the old scholastic method, that of a microscopic analysis of texts—a method never applied in literary study except in theology, and even from theology now happily disappearing. The Jews were expecting a Messiah to come in kingly fashion, set Israel free from her bondage, and make Jerusalem mistress of the world, as Babylon and Rome had been. When Saul of Tarsus heard the claim that an enthusiast, condemned by the concurrent judgments of the Jewish and the Roman authorities, and put to a shameful death on the cross, was being proclaimed as such Messiah, he was filled with shame and indignation. His passionate determination to put an end to this, as it seemed to him, blasphemous claim was first halted by the courage with which Stephen met death, and by the vision which Stephen declared he beheld of the Crucified One at the right hand of God. On Saul's subsequent journey to Damascus a like vision was vouchsafed to him, and, as a result, from a bitter persecutor of the men of the new way he became their companion and the ardent advocate of their faith. He at first believed that the risen and ascended Lord would return speedily and fulfill the original expectation of a triumphant and reigning Messiah. Later he abandoned this hope and substituted the more difficult yet more rational expectation of the gradual transformation of society, until the kingdoms of this world should become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. But alike his earlier and his later faith were based on his vision; they were both faith in a celestial Messiah, who had come to the earth from heaven, who had returned to heaven again, and who was by celestial and invisible influences building up a kingdom of heaven on the earth. If we wish to know what this man thought about the Messiah, we must take his whole history into account; we must study his letters as complete compositions; and we must not attribute to him refinements in philosophy which belong to an entirely later age. We shall not get at the meaning of the Apostle by treating his letters as a collection of proof-texts and inquiring what each proves; by showing, for example, concerning one passage that "nothing in this verse *requires* us [italics are the author's] to go outside the historical career of Jesus for its explanation," or concerning another that while it "*seems* [italics are the author's] to involve the following points: (1) that the Christ pre-existed in a divine form" . . . one is "forced to ask whether the Philippian passage is not capable of a somewhat different interpretation." It is not by such a process of laboring with individual passages to see if we cannot get something out of them which they do not seem to contain, or to eliminate from them something which they do seem to contain, that critics can get an author's real meaning, in either sacred or secular literature. It would be

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much better to say that Paul was not consistent with himself, as he sometimes was not, or that he did not know, as he sometimes did not, or that he could only express in that crude age in personal forms a doctrine of pre-existence which modern philosophy states in idealized forms, which is a possible interpretation, than to give to his teaching in the light of the twentieth century a meaning which it would not have had to the readers of his letters in the first century. From Professor Gilbert's book on the "First Interpreters of Jesus," as from his previous one on "The Revelation of Jesus," the unprejudiced student can get a great deal of light; but to understand the teaching of either Jesus or the Apostles he must find in some other author, or make for himself, a synthesis, the lack of which is the real and serious defect in these two scholastic interpretations of teachers who were, one as a teacher the greatest of prophets, the other as an interpreter the greatest of intuitionalists, neither of whom, therefore, can be understood by a method of exegesis almost exclusively analytical and quite too largely textual and verbal.

Monism, not a new doctrine, but newly recommended by evolutionary science, does not lack strong opposers, more or less philosophical, who dread it as pantheism, an old enemy under a new name. Of these none is better equipped for battle than Professor Howison, whose present book exhibits the antagonistic doctrine of pluralism, that the ultimate Reality is not one but many. As the only strictly philosophical alternative to monism, it demands serious consideration. The keenness and ability with which it is presented here, though it fail to convince, will at least be recognized.

Pluralism, as here expounded, differs from monism in being anthropocentric, whereas monism is theocentric. Professor Howison finds the center of the permanent order of nature in the human mind—meaning by "human" the type of every mind but God. He conceives of a world of "eternal individuals," spirits whose common type and ideal is God, and whose bond of unity with God and one another is an identical reason, as "the Unmoved One that moves all things." Thus, as Professor Howison acknowledges, it resembles more closely than any other system of idealism the doctrine of indestructible "monads" set forth by Leibnitz two centuries ago. For this scheme of "personal idealism" Professor Howison argues, as opposed to the "pantheistic idealism" of monism—pantheistic because locating in God the elements organic in human minds, "to be thence gradually imparted to minds as they are slowly created by the process of psychic evolution." It seems to him incompatible with Christianity to accept any doctrine of evolution "that views the *whole* of human nature as the product of 'continuous creation.'" He holds that every spirit, the human as well as the divine, has, like Jesus, life in itself, and is "in a very profound sense underived, self-subsistent, or, in the language of the deeper philosophical schools, eternal." Such a statement is vindicable so far as it affirms with science the unity of all life, and with Scripture the identity of human nature with the divine. But it seems to ignore the real difference between the human life, whose personal consciousness begins in time, and the divine life, whose conscious personal being is without beginning. Moreover, this self-subsistent, self-active life of self-determining rationality is affirmed of every man—a claim colliding with the obvious facts of human development or arrest of development, and the sharp difference observable between man on the zoölogical and man on the spiritual level—the difference, in short, between the *posse* and the *esse*, the capacity innate and its realization in fact. Such, as it seems, is the defect of Professor Howison's argument for pluralism, in opposition to monism as represented by Professor Royce, with others. But each of them affirms with equal positiveness that God reigns through all the processes of free souls. Each affirms also that what tradition has termed "eternal life" belongs to the moral individual. The fundamental postulates of religion thus seem secure, to whichever argument the laurel be adjudged.

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Authors and Authorship

MRS. HARRISON, one of Charles Kingsley's daughters, who writes under the pseudonym of "Lucas Malet," has just published a remarkable romance reviewed elsewhere in these columns. Her hero, Sir Richard Calmady, has a supposed prototype in the well-known Arthur McMorough Kavanagh, an Irish sportsman and statesman who died a few years ago. Kavanagh had only stumps for arms and legs, yet he was one of the best hunters in all Ireland, being accustomed not only to ride to hounds, but, strapped to his horse, to ride over the roughest and toughest country. He was also famous both as a shot and as an angler. More than this, he became a member of Parliament, and made some good speeches at Westminster. Mrs. Harrison's study of a cripple's revolt at being a cripple is thus conceivably founded on fact. Sir Richard Calmady is a study in psychology. We have had many psychological novels by such widely differing writers as Mr. Henry James and Mrs. Humphry Ward; it is now interesting to see how Charles Kingsley's daughter reads the human soul. Readers have already had a hint of it from her "Wages of Sin;" the present volume, however, is a more notable production.

The two most prolific authors of the day seem to be Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Marion Crawford. Prolific as they are, however, neither has yet published a book not worth reading. Though Mr. Lang has just put forth his notable volume, "Magic and Religion" (of which The Outlook has printed an extended review), he announces two other publications to appear before the close of the present year. As might be anticipated, the first is another one of his delightful fairy books. He has already given us the Blue, the Green, the Grey, the Pink, the Red, and the Yellow Fairy Books. Now we are to have a Violet Book. There is one home, at least, known to the writer, where the children are always clamoring for a fairy story: first of all they want Mr. Lang's transcriptions and condensations of the fairy lore of many lands; next in favor come the Grimm "Märchen," and then (a long way after, it must be confessed) Hans Christian Andersen's.——In our judgment, Mr. Lang's other book may bid fair to become his most popular production; at all events, it will surely find place on the shelf alongside his "History of Scotland," a work which seems to us quite to outdistance in readableness any other history of Scotland. In "The Mystery of Mary Stuart" he promises to give an investigation into Mary's true character and personality, more especially as regards her relations with Bothwell and with the other slayers of the profligate and intellectually deficient Darnley, her second husband. In the preparation of this volume Mr. Lang has found, in several newly discovered documents used by the Queen's enemies in evolving the case against her, some authentic sources hitherto unknown to historians. It will be interesting to note whether this book will succeed gradually in changing at all the popular conception of Mary Stuart as it has so long persisted, drawn for us more than a century ago by that great portrait-painter in drama, Schiller. His portrait of the Queen of Scots stands with his portraits of Wilhelm Tell, Jeanne d'Arc, Don Carlos, and Wallenstein as among the truly splendid things in literature.——Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel is to be entitled "Marietta, a Maid of Venice." The period of the story is a fascinating period in Italian history—the close of the fifteenth century. The episode with which Mr. Crawford's romance deals is historically true. He took it from an old Venetian "cronica." The action centers in the household of a master glass-blower, who was at the same time a member of one of the powerful Venetian commercial corporations having many rights and privileges, and exercising them, too.

The varying values which collectors and connoisseurs place upon rare collections has recently been impressively emphasized by the Ashburnham sale in London. This sale is attracting surprised attention among book-lovers everywhere, because, unlike most sales, it has

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resulted in diminutions of value in several notable instances. For instance, a rare vellum copy of Dante, printed by Paganini in 1515, was sold for only twenty-three dollars and a half of our money, although it had cost one hundred and fifty dollars. Even a first edition of Jacob van Meteren's Bible, printed at Antwerp in 1535, sold for only half of the nearly thousand dollars which it had cost the late Earl of Ashburnham. This, perhaps, was not so remarkable as was the sale of a perfect copy of the first edition of King James's version, which brought only forty-two dollars and a half, although it had once been sold for nearly four hundred. More astonishing still was the price of two imperfect copies of the famous "Breeches" Bible, namely, a dollar and a quarter for what had once sold for a hundred. Again, a vellum copy of the "Chroniques" of Froissart, printed at Paris by Verard, declined to three-quarters of the thirteen hundred dollars originally paid for it. A greater fall in value was noted in the ten volumes of Cicero's works, an Elzevir edition, printed in 1642; these brought but sixteen dollars, although they had cost over one hundred. Finally, a copy of the second edition of Fox's "Book of Martyrs" sold for fifty-three dollars, although Lord Ashburnham had paid seven hundred and sixty for it.

From this record it is pleasant to turn to some of the high prices paid for first editions. For instance, a perfect copy of Aristotle's "Ethics" (the second book ever printed at Oxford) brought over six hundred dollars, although the Earl of Ashburnham had paid but thirty dollars for it. Caxton's "Caton," for which Lord Ashburnham had paid seventy-eight dollars, brought nearly fifteen hundred, and Caxton's "Jason," for which four hundred and thirty-five dollars had been paid, was sold for no less than ten thousand, so it is said. "Les Prophecies de Merlin," printed by Verard, sold for nearly four thousand dollars, though it had cost but a trifle over a hundred and fifty; and another French book, "Le Livre du Roi du Modus," also printed towards the close of the fifteenth century, advanced from two hundred dollars to nearly three thousand. Wynkyn de Worde's "Treatyes of Fysshynge wyth an Angle," which had been acquired for about one hundred dollars seventy-five years ago, brought eighteen hundred. Nearly ninety years ago the Ashburnham Library was begun, and the fourth Earl continued his purchases up to his death in 1878. Two years later his heirs offered the entire collection for a hundred and sixty thousand pounds ($800,000), but without success. The auction sale, however, is but another proof of the fact that at such sales rare books and manuscripts and works of art may obtain prices hardly considered by the ordinary collector or connoisseur buying in "cold blood." The total sum reached by the auction sale was far in excess of a hundred and sixty thousand pounds, and this did not include some unique items disposed of at private sale after the failure to find a purchaser for the entire collection at the price first named. Among such items were over eighteen hundred articles from the Libri collection of manuscripts bought by the Italian Government, also a rare copy of the Biblia Pauperum, purchased by Mr. Quaritch, the well-known collector, for fifteen thousand dollars, so it is said, while it is rumored that Mr. Yates Thompson paid no less than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the so-called Appendix manuscripts. In general, therefore, it may be said that the Ashburnham investment in books proved an excellent one. Despite the notable diminutions of value to which we have already referred, the net result is encouraging to those who, in large or little measure, are collecting first editions not only as a pleasure but as an investment.

The Hon. Thomas E. Watson—still better known as the Populist candidate in 1896 than in his newer capacity as the historian of France—is preparing a biography of Napoleon, and Mr. J. H. Rose, the author of that capital book "The Revolutionary and Napoleonic Era," another. What we hope from both biographers, but especially from Mr. Rose, is that some inveterate misapprehensions concerning Napoleon's personality, influence, and career may be corrected, and this may be done by a popular quite as well as by a scholarly history. The change in public opinion as to the Corsican's personality wrought by M. Bergerat's fine Napoleonic play,

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"Plus que Reine," is a case in point. In our judgment the most modern biographers and historians are justly laying greater stress on Napoleon's work as a lawgiver and less on his career as a campaigner.

Interest in eighteenth-century literature, which has been steadily growing of late, may be still further whetted by two interesting announcements. The first is that a notable edition of Samuel Richardson's novels is about to be published. "Pamela," "Clarissa Harlowe," and "Sir Charles Grandison" are to occupy no less than twenty small crown volumes. The set will contain nearly eighty illustrations, and the first volume will contain an introductory essay on Richardson and his work by Miss Ethel McKenna.——The second announcement is that of a new edition of Boswell's "Johnson." So many editions are already on the market that a new one would seem rather out of place; but the publisher's plan is an attractive one. First of all there is to be a topographical introduction by Mr. Austin Dobson, one of the most eminent Johnsonians living. The Life is to be edited by Mr. Arnold Glover, who will also contribute notes and index, all with especial reference to literary landmarks. This will be emphasized by many illustrations, most of which have been selected by Mr. Dobson. The edition will thus insure a lasting record of many localities connected with Johnson which are fast disappearing. Mr. Herbert Railton, who has the illustration in hand, will contribute nearly a hundred drawings, based on old topographical engravings, and on such localities as still exist. The edition might well be known as the Topographical Edition.

Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of the Sienkiewicz novels, is said to have an unerring sense of what is most interesting in contemporary Polish literature. His latest discovery in Poland is Madame Eliza Orzeszko, a writer who, he says, has real power and distinction. Madame Orzeszko's American publishers tell us that her earlier stories had already given her some vogue at home when her "Argonauts" (soon to be printed in this country) suddenly showed her to be a candidate for international reputation. The publishers add that the "Argonauts" is a novel of dramatic intensity. The hero is a successful promoter of financial enterprises, yet he is powerless to control those things which chiefly affect his happiness, such as his wife's fidelity and the fate of his children.

In the list of English political writers who, like Messrs. James Bryce and John Morley, have an international reputation, may be found the name of Mr. Henry Norman—even if his name does not yet command so much attention as do those of the two statesmen to whom we have referred. Despite his comparative youth, however, Mr. Norman has already had much notable experience in various parts of the world, and as he is a marvelously keen observer, whatever he has to say is sure to receive merited notice everywhere. His "Peoples and Policies of the Far East," together with Lord Curzon's "Problems of the Far East," forms the most comprehensive survey ever made of the whole Asiatic Pacific Coast subject. Now he turns his attention to western Asia and Russia, and his new book, to appear some time this autumn, will be of value both to the general reader and especially to the reader interested in the large commercial enterprises recently planned for the benefit of Russia, not only by Russians but also by Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Americans.

It is announced that Madame Sarah Grand has sailed from London for this country, and that she will begin her American lecture tour on October 25 in Philadelphia. Five days later she is to make her first appearance in New York City. The subject of her first lecture there will be "Mere Man," and it is to take place at the Lyceum Theater. It will be interesting to see whether in her own personality this 'sprightly and never dull author realizes any of the eccentricities of her characters. It may be recalled that her latest character, Babs, is, as she herself declares in the book's title, "impossible."

Mr. W. D. Howells recently declared that reading has become for many people a craze, even a vice, rather than an intellectual gain. They read too much, too fast, too promiscuously, and they think

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and talk too little. "Good fiction," Mr. Howells asserts, "is only an exquisite distillation of human facts, which biography and history more and less attractively embody; and all three are gossip depersonalized by remoteness of time or place."

Books Demanding Translation

IT would be well if certain recent French, German, Italian, and Spanish publications could be translated. In French, a book which appeals to the American reader is Madame Blanc's "Questions Américaines." It is interesting not only because its inspiration comes from America, but because among French critics Madame Blanc holds a high place; her name is spoken in France with those of Jusserand, Stapfer, and Brunetière. For many years Madame Blanc and M. Brunetière have worked together on the "Revue des Deux Mondes." The studies which compose the present volume have all appeared in that publication; if anything were needed to emphasize its high character, such a volume as this or M. Brunetière's "Essays in French Literature" might be cited. Madame Blanc, who writes under the pseudonym "Th. Bentzon," has already made good use of her several long visits to this country, and of her intimate acquaintance with many of our best people, in her "Choses et Gens d'Amérique," "Les Américaines chez Elles," "Nouvelle France et Nouvelle Angleterre," volumes which have a certain historic background and atmosphere. In the present book, however, each of the essays treats of contemporary American questions, and especially of those which are much talked about just now in France—socialism, feminism, the thirst for gold, emigration, and colonialism. Madame Blanc especially notes the rivalry among us between man and woman as to the domain of each in the workaday world; she sees a recrudescence of race prejudice both in the economic and the political programmes of "evening up;" she finds that English imperialism has already exercised great influence on our Republic; and especially does she find it personified in "that bellicose genius," Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Although an Englishman, she regards him really as an adopted son of America, hence she places him and the military part of his work as the appropriate subject for a chapter. At a later time we shall comment more at length upon the book.

Among German publications, Herr Paul Heyse's "Das verschleierte Bild zu Sais" lately had the honor of being produced in the original German at the Irving Place Theater, New York, before its initial production in the Fatherland. In both countries it quickly attracted the attention of literary and dramatic critics. The play is largely founded on Schiller's narrative lyric of the same name. Its period is about three centuries before Christ. Glaukos, a young Greek, driven by a thirst for knowledge, prays at Delphi, and receives from the priests a revelation to go to Sais in Egypt and unveil a sacred image there. This image, so it is whispered to him, embodies all truth and the reasons for all things. Glaukos goes to Sais. In the plot of Herr Heyse's play, which is somber in setting, the hero meets there Taja, an Egyptian peasant girl, who, though betrothed to another, promptly falls in love with him. She pleads with him to abandon this particular search for truth which had struck dumb her own brother and all those who had undertaken it, but Glaukos persists, and seeks to penetrate the Sais temple, accompanied as a guide by the maid's jilted lover. When the Greek finally enters the temple, he finds there Taja herself leaning against a pillar and mortally wounded. Secretly Taja had preceded Glaukos so that she might once more, and at the statue's base, plead with him not to unveil it. Her jilted lover had found her there, and in a fit of jealousy had killed her. He now accuses Glaukos of the crime, but, like Titurel in "Parsifal," the girl's brother suddenly regains his speech and denounces the real assassin. He is condemned to immediate death. Still undaunted, however, Glaukos unveils the image and finds—nothing! He has been made the victim of the charlatanism of the priests. They are overwhelmingly powerful, never-

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theless, and to the half-crazed searcher after truth his only refuge from their vengeance seems to be to drown himself in the Nile. "Das verschleierte Bild zu Sais" reminds one somewhat of "Die versunkene Glocke," by Herr Gerhart Hauptmann, though the latter is more idealized. Both dramas portray the reach of an indomitable will and energy out of narrow and repressive conditions towards a larger life—the struggle of the finite with the Infinite, and the tragic wreck. The Heyse drama, however, is not so beautiful as the Hauptmann drama; it is without high lights, and does not even hint at an ultimate harmony; there is not the slightest ray of humor to relieve the gloom.

During the past year Americans were treated to a translation of one of Matilde Serao's books, called in English "The Land of Cockayne." Her novels form a half-way house between the stories of Signor d'Annunzio and those of Signor Foggazzaro, whom many regard as the greatest living Italian novelist. This does not convey the idea that the works of Signor d'Annunzio and of Signora Scarfoglio (Matilde Serao) are not highly graphic—indeed, they are much more so than are the Foggazzaro novels—or that their character-drawing is not extremely interesting and significant. Perhaps, also, as a study of present social conditions in Italy, such novels may be of more value to the student of sociology than are those which would appeal most to the lover of literature. The latter, however, gladly shuns, on the one hand, the gross materialism, and, on the other, the pseudo-mysticism, of certain writers in favor of the healthier tone of men who are not saturated with naturalism, who have not (to quote the title of one of the Serao novels) "Cuore Enfermo." Signor Foggazzaro realizes a saner ideal in plot, characters, and style. His "Daniele Cortis" is a study of present-day political life in Italy, and as such is not only entertaining but extremely instructive. The novels on which Foggazzaro's fame will chiefly rest, however, are his "Piccolo Mondo Antico"—a book which has almost become a classic, and should certainly stand beside that undoubted classic, Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi" (The Affianced). There is nothing in Italian literature more full of the pure, glorious, sunlit life lived in the Italian lake country than this book. During the past year, in the columns of the Rome "Nuova Antologia," Signor Foggazzaro's latest novel, "Piccolo Mondo Moderno," has been running. It is worthy to stand alongside the "Antico." Higher praise could hardly be given. It should be translated.

The chief event for American readers in the world of Spanish literature last season was the appearance of a translation of "El Cuarto Poder," by Señor Valdés. The book was published in this country under the title "The Fourth Estate," and its appearance in its remarkably sympathetic translation was a literary event of real note. We gave it an extended review at the time, and called attention to the fact that other Spanish novels need translation—not only those by Señor Valdés, but those of other writers not known outside of Spain as they should be. Chief among these is Señor Galdós. Two years ago an English translation of his "Zaragoza" appeared under the Anglicized name "Saragossa." The Outlook then said that it ought to be but the beginning of an English and an American acquaintance with the twenty volumes of Señor Galdós's "Episodios Nacionales." The novelist's latest work is a drama, "Electra," which reveals him as a marvelous portrayer of actual conditions in the Peninsula. Chief among the hard questions to be solved by the present Government, and the one with which "Electra" deals, is the same question which the present Prime Minister of France has so recently met—what to do with the secret influence of the Roman Catholic orders. M. Waldeck-Rousseau has now compelled these orders to submit to Government registration and control; it remains to be seen whether Señor Sagasta will have like courage and success.

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The Philosophy of Anarchism

By Washington Gladden

ANARCHY is an eruption of evil passions, but Anarchism is a reasoned philosophy of society. The one must be sternly repressed by law; the other must be shown to be unscientific and absurd.

It is needful, at the outset, to distinguish Anarchism from other things with which it is often confounded. "No, sir!" said an indignant citizen when invited to attend a lecture by an eminent literary man; "I will not listen to that man; he is an Anarchist and a Socialist." He might as well have said, "He is a Protestant and a Catholic," or "He is a black man and a white man." The Anarchist and the Socialist dwell at opposite poles of social theory. The Anarchist regards government as the source of all our social mischiefs and proposes to abolish it; the Socialist regards government as the one divine institution which ought to be extended until it shall cover almost the entire area of human life. There are no people in the country so hotly opposed to Anarchism as are the Socialists; and yet we hear most of those who suppose themselves intelligent jumbling them together, as if Socialism and Anarchism were two names for the same thing.

It is not necessary in this discussion to give account of the various types and schools of Anarchism, or Nihilism; there have been many varieties both in Europe and in this country. But one pretty clear line can be drawn, dividing them into two groups of evolutionary and revolutionary Anarchists; those who believe in the reformation of society by peaceful measures, and those who resort to measures of violence.

The two schools agree in the proposition that government of all kinds is essentially evil and ought to be abolished; they disagree as to the methods which should be used in getting rid of it. The evolutionary Anarchists think that as society becomes more and more enlightened, government will gradually decay and disappear; they do not think that its departure can be hastened by the use of force. The revolutionary Anarchists have no faith in moral instrumentalities, and propose, by constant assassination of the representatives of government, to create a state of terror in which it will be impossible to maintain government, because no one will be willing to take the risks of high office. It is this last-named school with whose doings we are best acquainted, and against which the just indignation of the civilized world has been aroused.

The scientific or evolutionary Anarchists should be carefully excepted from this condemnation. As a rule, they are entirely inoffensive people; many of them lead exemplary and honorable lives. Their theory of society, as we may be able to see, is inadequate and even antiquated; but they have a perfect right to hold it and to advocate it; and the view which they present, though extravagant, contains elements of truth which are always salutary.

In fact, these evolutionary Anarchists only carry to their logical consequences principles which have been freely avowed by a political party in this country. The maxim that the State which is governed least is best governed is familiar to us. These theoretical Anarchists in America say that they are only intensified Jeffersonian Democrats. They claim Herbert Spencer as one of their teachers, and are able to quote from some of his writings strong passages in favor of their main contention. Mr. Spencer, in "Social Statics," has a chapter entitled "The Right to Ignore the State," in which he maintains that any man has a perfect moral right to withdraw from the State, to relinquish its protection, and to refuse to pay taxes. "Government," he says, "is essentially immoral." It is "the offspring of evil, bearing about it all the marks of its parentage." "As civilization advances does government decay. To the bad it is essential; to the good, not." It is because of the evil in society that governments exist. "Magisterial force is the sequence of social rule, and the policeman is but the complement of the criminal. Therefore it is that we call government a 'necessary evil.'" All this

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is a rather archaic political philosophy; it does not bulk very large in the thinking of this time; it is individualism gone to seed—the theory of social contract reduced to its logical absurdity. That such notions have been seized upon by the revolutionary Anarchists as weapons in their diabolical work is undoubtedly true; but Mr. Spencer is the last man to intend social mischief, and his theories, when held by men like himself, are a harmless and sometimes a useful protest against too much governmental interference.

There is a group of these individualistic Anarchists at Boston, who publish a paper called "Liberty"—amiable and mild-mannered gentlemen who have no intention of injuring anybody, but who are utterly opposed to every form of government. The words which follow are taken directly from their writings: "They consider the government of the United States to be as oppressive and worthless as any of the European monarchies. Liberty prevails here no more than there. In some respects the system of majority rule is more obnoxious than that of monarchy. It is quite as tyrannical, and in a republic it is more difficult to reach the seat of the despotism and remove it. . . . They never vote or perform the duties of citizens in any way, if it can be avoided. They would not pay taxes if there were any way of escaping it. Judges are regarded by them as the hirelings of power, and courts as centers of despotism. They regard the proceedings of legislative assemblies as vain and worthy only of contempt." [1]

They hope to see the entire political and social structure crumble and fall to pieces; they believe that respect for law and authority will gradually disappear. Then "the masses of men, tired of the old system, will accept the new as a welcome deliverance. Then it will no longer be possible to enforce obedience to law. People will meet in conventions, organize upon the principle of voluntary associations, and choose their natural leaders. These leaders can, however, exercise no authority, but only use persuasion and advice coming from a wider practical experience. Those who do not wish to follow may go their own way. Each individual can take possession of and use what property in land and raw materials he needs, but he must not thereby infringe the equivalent right of every other person. Property, then, must be so used as to contribute to the highest social weal. Human nature will be so purified from gross selfishness that it is believed that the system of private property can be preserved formally intact. All the functions of social life, now classed as public and private, will be performed by individuals, either singly or in voluntary association. The system of mutual banking will be established, or, as the American Anarchists express it, each man will be allowed to issue his own notes, based upon such property or security as he may command, and make them circulate as far as he is able. In banking, in carrying of the mail, in railway and telegraph business, as in everything else, the fittest institutions and companies will survive."

It is a fond dream, no doubt, or seems so, to most of us; but there is and must be no law against such dreaming. And so far as the use of violence to secure these ends is concerned, these theoretical Anarchists are as stoutly against it as any of us. "But one thing," said their journal, "Liberty," in an editorial on the bomb-throwing at Chicago, "can justify its exercise on any large scale; viz., the denial of free thought, free speech, and a free press. Even then its exercise would be unwise unless repression were enforced so stringently that all other means of throwing it off had become hopeless. Bloodshed in itself is pure loss. When we must have freedom of agitation, and when nothing but bloodshed will secure it, then bloodshed is wise. But it must be remembered that it can never accomplish the social revolution; that that can never be accomplished except by means of agitation, investigation, experiment, and passive resistance; and that, after all the bloodshed, we shall be exactly where we were before, except in our possession of the power to use these means. . . . The day of armed revolution is gone by. It is too easily put down."

With this phase of Anarchism no wise man can have any quarrel. We may strongly disagree with its devotees' philosophy; we may deplore their practical attitude; but if they will not let us call them good citizens, we shall persist in regarding

[1] "Political Science Quarterly," Vol. IV., Art. I.

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them as good men and women, and in confirming to them those large liberties which they already have, for which they are indebted to the government they contemn, but of which they seem to be but imperfectly aware.

The revolutionary Anarchists are persons of a very different order. The thing which they hope for is the same as that on which the evolutionary Anarchists have set their hearts—the overthrow and disappearance of existing political and social institutions; it is in their methods of securing it that they reveal their fiendish character. What these methods are they do not scruple to tell us. Their "propaganda of deed" is boldly proclaimed. "With the help of explosives, poison, and murderous weapons of all kinds, they hope to destroy all existing institutions, ecclesiastical, civil, and economic. Upon the smoking ruins they will erect the new and perfect society."[1]

This type of Anarchism sprang up in the soil of Russia. Michael Bakunin, who was born in that country in 1814 of aristocratic parentage, and educated as a soldier, but who resigned his commission and forsook his home because his soul revolted at the tyrannies practiced in Poland by the Russian aristocracy, is the great protagonist of revolutionary Anarchism. The wild idealism of the left wing of the Hegelians infected him as a student in Germany; he went to Paris and preached it, then went back to Germany and practiced it, in the insurrections of 1849. For this he was imprisoned and condemned to death, but the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, and afterwards he was claimed by Russia and sent to Siberia, whence he finally escaped to England by way of Japan and America.

We can hardly wonder at the bitterness of his hatred of government. "Imprisonment," says Laveleye, "transformed in him the revolutionary idea into fanaticism and a kind of religion." After his return from his long exile he went to Italy, where he remained for four years, founding the "International" in Naples in 1867. It is his intensity of hatred that has leavened Italian Anarchism. His first great disciple, Cafiero, was also of a rich and cultivated family—a student of jurisprudence; he forsook all and followed Bakunin. "He had not a strong intellect," says Professor Nitti, "but great sincerity. He died mad, with a strong conviction that wings would sprout out of his body and that he would fly into heaven."[1]

Malatesta, his successor, and the present Prince of Anarchists, is also of a noble family, a man of fine education and brilliant talent. It was not, then, in the proletariat that this movement originated; its moving spirits have not arisen from among the ignorant or the impoverished. They would seem to be men of an intense emotionalism—of the temperament liable to obsession; the kind of men who are apt to be seized upon and ridden by an idea. Perhaps the Southern Italian mind is by nature rather exposed to that kind of invasion. As Professor Nitti has carefully observed them in his own country, his testimony is interesting:

"Anarchists are, for the most part, exalted spirits who are prepared to sacrifice anything to a false pride. Persecution, trials minutely and widely reported, executions graphically described by journals, inflame the mind and incite the wish for imitation. The warmest imaginations, the most unquiet spirits, far from being discouraged, delude themselves into the fatal error by thinking that the sacrifice of one alone is sufficient to change deeply a state of things which has its roots in the necessities of every society."

A typical Anarchist of this school was the Italian Pini, who established himself in Paris as a thief, on altruistic principles. He collected about him a band who robbed for a social purpose, "anticipating, that is to say, the expropriation of the bourgeois." The tribute thus gathered was distributed among Anarchists of all the world to promote the revolution. Expenses of assassins making long journeys and waiting for their prey may have been paid out of it. But the stolen money was sacredly devoted to the cause; his confederates may have used it lavishly for their own enjoyment, but Pini lived on thirty cents a day.

Professor Nitti thinks that the number of Anarchists in Italy is not large; four thousand is named by him as an estimate which may be too small. "A true Anarchist party," he says, "does not exist in Italy—perhaps does not exist any-

[1] "Political Science Quarterly," Vol. IV., p. 26.

[1] "North American Review," Vol. CLXVII., p. 600.

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where." It would, indeed, appear to be a kind of contradiction in terms. "I have observed almost always," he says, "that one becomes an Anarchist when, with a slight culture, one entertains a high conception of one's strength." Such persons are not likely to unite permanently with others. Little groups of them may be gathered here and there, but they have not much coherency. "The true Anarchists, the Anarchists of action, when they conceive the idea of an attempt at murder, generally do not confide in anybody. Alone, in the daily exaltation of their purpose, they mature the idea and put it into execution. It is seldom that they confide even in an intimate friend. . . . The Anarchist of action always fears that he may be betrayed or sold." Recognizing the necessity of organization, Malatesta wrote a few years ago: "We must organize ourselves in a purely Anarchist manner; that is to say, without any authority, either open or disguised. We must have an organization that conciliates the free will of individuals and groups, the free development of all faculties and wills, with the unity of action, the discipline, and often the secrecy necessary for carrying on the struggle in which we are engaged. Is that possible?"

The question is pertinent. Doubtless an intellect as keen as that of Malatesta has discovered that no enterprise of any importance can be carried on without organization and subordination. When he says, "We must organize in a purely Anarchist manner," he means that the substance of authority and discipline must be secured without calling it by that name. No Anarchist must be under authority; but the ascendency of a man like Malatesta may be practically absolute. No Anarchist must ever be coerced by anybody; but it is perfectly well understood that an Anarchist who fails to perform the task that falls to him will be killed. So easy is it for Anarchists, as for theologians and politicians, to fool themselves with words.

With Anarchists bent on the "propaganda of deed" there can be no pause for argument. When men announce themselves as the enemies of society, society must take them at their word and treat them accordingly. But while the law moves promptly and relentlessly to punish murderers and conspirators for murder, and all who incite to murder, reason must be no less active in attacking the intellectual foundations of Anarchism. It is not enough to show that Anarchy is a crime; it must also be made plain that Anarchism is a stupendous blunder; that it is irrational and unscientific.

The first intellectual objection to it lies against revolutionary Anarchism, not wholly against the peaceful variety. The objection is that it repudiates the principle of evolution, and substitutes for it the principle of progress by cataclysms.

The old geologic theory was the cataclysmic theory: that the changes which have taken place in the structure of the earth were due to mighty catastrophes which swept life from the earth at the end of a geologic period and started everything anew with new materials and new forms. We do not hold that theory any longer; we know better. Geology has re-read the record, and tells a very different story.

So it was in theology. The notion was that, as the flood once destroyed all life on earth and permitted a new beginning, so a similar catastrophe was impending in which the earth should be purified with fire and civilization should begin *de novo*. That notion, too, has disappeared from modern theology. We do not now believe that this is the method of progress in God's kingdom. We understand better the parable of the mustard-seed and the leaven. We are all evolutionists, whether we know it or not. We think in terms of evolution; we are always discerning in the present the fruit of the past and the seed of the future; we know that all life grows out of its own roots; that in the crust of the earth and in the movements of the generations evolution is the law, and not a series of cataclysms. We have found out that society is a living and growing thing, and that if it becomes sick or disordered the right thing to do is not to kill it with the expectation of making it alive again, but rather to strengthen the elements of good in it, which it is always preparing to bequeath to the future; to prune it, so far as we can, of excrescences and decayed tissue, and to invigorate its life in every possible way, believing that "more life and fuller" is the best possible medicine for everything that lives.

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We are all evolutionists in these days—geologists, biologists, theologians, sociologists—all except the revolutionary Anarchists, who have borrowed a faded leaf from an extinct geology and an effete religionism, and are setting up to be the catastrophists of social science. The fundamental trouble with them is that they are utterly unscientific; they are flying in the face of the entire movement of modern scientific thought.

The second objection lies against both schools of Anarchism. It is that they ignore or misunderstand the tendency which the economic science of to-day is inclined to regard as an economic law—namely, the increasing function of government. The fact that larger and larger provinces of our common life are coming under the control of governmental agencies is notorious; and it is evident that this process is to go on for some time to come. In every community, and in the Nation at large, the number of common interests is increasing; interests which are common to all the people are logically and rationally secured by the co-operation of all the people; and the co operation of all the people for such purposes constitutes a large part of the business of government. The people, through their governments, thus co-operate in the business of carrying the mails, in providing public schools and libraries and parks and pleasure-grounds, in caring for the poor and the sick and the friendless and the helpless; in securing for themselves pure water and good drainage, and other conditions of healthful life; and all the indications are that many other of the necessaries and comforts of life will be brought under the same category and provided for the people by the people—all working together to gain the good of life. This is what government is more and more coming to be—the economic and social co-operation of all the people for common good. It is certain that by such co-operation, properly carried on, many of the good things of life can be produced and distributed with great advantage to all. Nor is it possible to conceive that many of these things could be secured in any other way than through that co-operation of all which government makes possible.

Government has two main functions—the police function, under which individual rights are safeguarded and crimes are punished, and the function of economic and social co-operation of which we have been speaking. The wrath of Anarchists against government is directed against the police function. It is this which Mr. Spencer has in mind when he denounces government as essentially evil; it is this of which the followers of Bakunin and Malatesta are mainly thinking. What they fail to see is that the police function of government is gradually lessening, and that the function of economic and social co-operation is steadily extending. Some of us would not be able to agree with Mr. Spencer that the police power is essentially and necessarily an evil thing; but it exists because of evil, and as social evil diminishes this function of government must necessarily become less prominent. The proportion of the governmental activities directed toward providing for the general welfare is far greater to-day than a century ago, and the proportion directed toward the repression of crime and the protection of rights far less. This is the course things are taking, and no one can tell how far it will go.

This economic co-operation must needs go on, after a fashion, if it should be agreed to abolish government. "People will meet in conventions," say these philosophers, "organize upon the principle of voluntary associations, and choose their natural leaders." What is this but government? How much more than this do they do now? But it is stipulated that there shall be no compulsion or authority; "those who do not wish to follow may go their own way." We may venture to doubt whether these "voluntary associations" under "their natural leaders" will not find a way of making it very uncomfortable for those who refuse to go their way. All the functions of social life now performed by public officials are to be performed by individuals, "either singly or in voluntary association." Is it to be conceived that such "voluntary associations" can exist without what Malatesta describes as "discipline"? And the more extended and complicated the relations of these "voluntary associations" become, the greater will be the necessity for firm regulation of their operations—that is, government. It may be possible to get

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rid of the name of the thing, but the thing itself will be here until the end of time—and beyond, in eternity; for we shall then be citizens of the kingdom of heaven. Man is a political animal; it is only in such co-operation as modern government connotes that he fulfills the law of his being; and he can no more come to perfection outside those relations than a fish can live out of water. The increasing function of government, in economic and social co-operation, is a clear mark of progress. It is the path along which evolution is conducting the race to social perfection. In arraying themselves against government the Anarchists of all schools are assailing the agency by which the future welfare of the race is to be secured. "Government of the people, by the people, for the people" may often be badly administered; like everything else which imperfect men undertake to do, it is often imperfectly done; but the thing to do is not to destroy it, but to fulfill its great purpose; to purify and invigorate it; to bring into its administration less and less of the people's selfishness and passion and more and more of their reason and conscience and good will.

Many others besides the Anarchists spend most of their time in railing at the Government under which they live, and do little or nothing to improve it. They are doing what they can to make Anarchism rational and respectable, and Anarchy successful.

One other question may be worth considering by those Anarchists who are capable of rational thought. They are opposed to all coercion, yet a few hundreds of them propose, by deeds of violence, to coerce seventy millions of their fellow-countrymen into taking their view of social organization. Is that a logical procedure? And is it practical? Are freemen likely to be forced, by such methods, to deny their deepest convictions and to surrender what they regard as their most precious inheritance? What are the prospects, thus far? Do these crimes of violence tend to weaken the faith of the people in the necessity of government, or to deter them from maintaining it? Is it not rather true that every such assault upon it strengthens just authority in the minds of all the people, deepens their affection for the faithful men to whom they have delegated it, and crowns with everlasting honor those who suffer as its martyrs? If no thought of the hideous wickedness of their crimes could deter the Anarchists, the overwhelming evidence of the amazing futility of their programme might at least give them pause.

The Man from Glengarry[1]

By Ralph Connor

Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.

Chapter XIX.—One Game at a Time

THE Glengarry men were on the Montreal boat leaving for home. Macdonald Bhain's farewell to his nephew was full of sadness, for he knew that henceforth their ways would lie apart, and full, too, of solemn warnings against the dangers of the city where Ranald was now to be.

"It is a wicked place, and the pitfalls are many, and they are not in the places where the eyes will be looking for them. You are taking the way that will be leading you from us all, and I will not be keeping you back, nor will I be laying any vows upon you. You will be a true man, and you will keep the fear of God before your eyes, and you will remember that a Macdonald never fails the man that trusts him." And long after the great man was gone his last words kept tugging at Ranald's heart. "Ranald, lad, remember us up yonder in the Indian Lands," he said, holding his hand with a grip that squeezed the bones together; "we will be always thinking of you, and, more than all, at the Bible class and the meetings she will be asking for you and wondering how you are doing; and by night and by day the door will be on the latch for your coming; for, laddie, laddie, you are a son to me, and more!" The break in the big Macdonald's voice took away from Ranald

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all power of speech, and without a word of reply he had to let his uncle go.

Yankee's good-by was characteristic:

"Well, guess I'll git along. Wish you were comin' back with us, but you've struck your gait, I guess, and you're goin' to make quite a dust. Keep your wind till the last quarter; that's where the money's lost. I ain't 'fraid of you; you're green, but they can't break you. Keep your left eye on the suckers. There ain't no danger from the feller that rips and rar's and gits up on his hind legs, but the feller that sidles raound and sorter chums it up to you and wants to pay fer your drinks, by jings, kick him! And, say"—Yankee's voice here grew low and impressive—"git some 'close.' These here are all right for the woods, but with them people close counts an awful lot. It's the man inside that wins, but the close is outside. Git 'em and git 'em good; none of your second-hand Jew outfits. It'll cost, of course, but" (here Yankee closed up to Ranald)—"but here's a wad; ain't no pertickaler use to me."

Then Ranald smote him in the chest and knocked him back against a lumber-pile.

"I know you," he cried; "you would be giving me the coat off your back. If I would be taking money from any man I'd take it from you, but let me tell you I will have no money that I do not earn." Then, seeing Yankee's disappointed face, he added, "But, indeed, I owe you for your help to me—and—my—mine when help was needed sore, more than I can ever pay back." Then, as they shook hands, Ranald spoke again, and his voice was none too steady.

"And I have been thinking that I would like you to have Lisette, for it may be a long time before I will be back again, and I know you will be good to her; and if ever I need your help in this way, I promise I will come to you."

Yankee chewed his quid of tobacco hard and spat twice before he could reply. Then he answered slowly:

"Now look-ye-here, I'll take that little mare and look after her, but the mare's yours, and if—and if—which I don't think will happen—if you don't come back soon, why—I will send you her equivalent in cash; but I'd ruther see—I'd ruther see you come back for it!"

It was with a very lonely heart that Ranald watched out of sight the steamboat that carried to their homes in the Indian Lands the company of men who had been his comrades for the long months in the woods and on the river, and all the more that he was dimly realizing that this widening blue strip of flowing river was separating him forever from the life he so passionately loved. As his eyes followed them, he thought of the home-coming that he would have shared; their meetings at the church door, the grave handshakings from the older folk, the saucy "horos" from the half-grown boys, the shy blushing glances from the maidens, and, last and dearest of all, the glad, proud welcome in the sweet, serious face with the gray-brown eyes. It was with the memory of that face in his heart that he turned to meet what might be coming to him, with the resolve that he would play the man.

"Hello, old chap, who's dead?" It was Harry's gay voice. "You look like a tomb." He put his arm through Ranald's and walked with him up the street.

"Where are you going now?" he asked, as Ranald walked along in silence.

"To get some clothes."

"Thank the great powers!" ejaculated Harry to himself.

"What?"

"And where are you going to get them?"

"I do not know—some store, I suppose." Ranald had the vaguest notions not only of where he should go, but of the clothes in which he ought to array himself, but he was not going to acknowledge this to his friend.

"You can't get any clothes fit to wear in this town," said Harry, in high contempt. Ranald's heart sank. "But come along; we will find something."

As they passed in front of the little French shops with windows filled inside and out with ready-made garments, Ranald paused to investigate.

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Harry, "don't know what you'll get here. We'll find something better than this cheap stuff;" and Ranald, glad enough of guidance, though uncertain as to where it might lead him, followed meekly.

"What sort of a suit do you want?" said Harry.

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"I don't know," said Ranald, doubtfully. It had never occurred to him that there could be any great difference in suits. There had never been any choosing of suits with him.

"Like yours, I suppose," he continued, glancing at Harry's attire, but adding cautiously, "if they don't cost too much."

"About forty dollars," said Harry, lightly; then, noticing the dismayed look on Ranald's face, he added quickly, "But you don't need to spend that much, you know. I say, you let me manage this thing." And fortunate it was for Ranald that he had his friend's assistance in this all-important business; but it took all Harry's judgment, skill, and delicacy of handling to pilot his friend through the devious ways of outfitters, for Ranald's ignorance of all that pertained to a gentleman's wardrobe was equaled only by the sensitive pride on the one hand that made him shrink from appearing poor and mean, and by his Scotch caution on the other that forbade undue extravagance. It was a hard hour and a half for them both, but when all was over Ranald's gratitude more than repaid Harry for his pains.

"Come up to-night," said Harry, as they stood at the door of the Hotel du Nord, where Ranald had taken up his quarters.

"No," said Ranald, abruptly, unconsciously glancing down at his rough dress.

"Then I'll come down here," said Harry, noting the glance.

"I will be very glad," replied Ranald, his face lighting up, for he was more afraid than he cared to show of the lonely hours of that night. It would be the first night in his life away from his own kin and friends. But he was not so glad when, after tea, as he stood at the door of the hotel, he saw sauntering toward him, not only Harry, but also Lieutenant De Lacy and his friend Mr. Sims.

"These fellows would come along," explained Harry. "I told them you didn't want them."

"Showed how little he knew," said the lieutenant. "I told him you would be delighted."

"Will you come in?" said Ranald, rather grudgingly; "though there is nothing much inside."

"What a bear!" said Mr. Sims to Harry, disgustedly, in a low voice.

"Nothing much!" said the lieutenant; "a good deal, I should say, from what one can hear."

"Oh, that is nothing," replied Ranald; "the boys are having some games."

The bar-room was filled with men in shanty dress, some sitting with chairs tipped back against the wall smoking the black French "twist" tobacco, others drinking at the bar, and others still at the tables that stood in one corner of the room playing cards with loud exclamations and oaths of delight or disgust according to their fortune. The lieutenant pushed his way through the crowd, followed by the others.

"A jolly lot, by Jove!" he exclaimed, looking with mild interest on the scene, "and with the offer of some sport, too," he added, glancing at the card-players in the corner, where men were losing their winter's wages.

"What will you take?" said Ranald, prompted by his Highland courtesy, "and would you have it in the next room?"

"Anywhere," said the lieutenant, with alacrity; "a little brandy and soda for me; nothing else in these places is worth drinking."

Ranald gave the order, and, with some degree of pride, noticed the obsequious manner of the bartender toward him and his distinguished guests. They passed into an inner and smaller room, lit by two or three smoky lamps in brackets on the walls. In this room, sitting at one of the tables, were two Frenchmen playing *écarté*. As the lieutenant entered one of them glanced up and uttered an exclamation of recognition.

"Ah, it is our warlike friend," cried De Lacy, recognizing him in return. "You play this game also?" he continued in French.

"Not moche," said Le Noir, for it was he, with a grand salute. "Will the Capitaine join, and his friends?"

Ranald shook his head and refused.

"Come along," said the lieutenant, eagerly, to Ranald. The game was his passion. "Mr. Sims, you will; Harry, what do you say?"

"I will look on with Ranald."

"Oh, come in, Macdonald," said the lieutenant; "the more the better, and

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we'll make it poker. You know the game?" he said, turning to Le Noir, "and your friend—I have not the pleasure—"

"Mr. Rouleau," said Ranald and Le Noir together, presenting the young Frenchman, who spoke and looked like a gentleman.

"Do you play the game?" asked the lieutenant.

"A verie leetle, but I can learn him."

"That's right," cried the lieutenant, approvingly.

"What do you say, Ranald?" said Harry, who also loved the game.

"No," said Ranald, shortly; "I never play for money."

"Make it pennies," said Mr. Sims, with a slight laugh.

"Go on, De Lacy," said Harry, angry at Mr. Sims's tone. "You've got four—that'll do!"

"Oh, very well," said De Lacy, his easy, languid air returning to him. "What shall it be—quarter chips with a dollar limit? Brandy and soda, Mr. Le Noir? And you, Mr. Rouleau? Two more glasses, garçon," and the game began.

From the outset Rouleau steadily won till his chips were piled high in front of him.

"You play the game well," said the lieutenant. "Shall we raise the limit?"

"As you lak," said Rouleau, with a polite bow.

"Let's make it five dollars," suggested Mr. Sims, to which all agreed.

But still the game was Rouleau's, who grew more and more excited with every win. The lieutenant played coolly and with seeming indifference, in which he was imitated by Mr. Sims, the loss of a few dollars being a matter of small moment to either.

"It would make it more interesting if we made it a dollar to play," at length said Mr. Sims. The suggestion was accepted, and the game went on. At once the luck began to turn, and in a half-hour's play Rouleau's winnings disappeared and passed over to the lieutenant's hand. In spite of his bad luck, however, Rouleau continued to bet eagerly and recklessly, until Ranald, who hated to see the young lumberman losing his season's wages, suggested that the game come to an end.

"The night is early," said the lieutenant, "but if you have had enough—" he said, bowing to Le Noir and Rouleau.

"Non!" exclaimed Rouleau, "the fortune will to me *encore*. We mek it de two dollar to play. Dat will brek de luck."

"I think you ought to stop it," said Harry.

But the demon of play had taken full possession of both Rouleau and the lieutenant, and they were not to be denied. Rouleau took from his pocket a roll of bills and counted them. "Fifty dollar! he cried. "Bon! I play him, me!"

The others deposited a like sum before them, and the game proceeded. The deal was De Lacy's. After a few moments' consideration, Mr. Sims and Le Noir each drew three cards. In a tone of triumph which he could not altogether suppress, Rouleau exclaimed, "Dees are good enough for me." The lieutenant drew one card, and the betting began.

Twice Rouleau, when it came to his turn, bet the limit, the others contenting themselves by "raising" one dollar. On the third round, Le Noir, remarking, "Das leetle too queek for me," dropped out.

Once more Rouleau raised the bet to the limit, when Mr. Sims refused and left the game to him and the lieutenant. There was no mistaking the eager triumph in the Frenchman's pale face. He began to bet more cautiously, his only fear being that his opponent would "call" too soon. Dollar by dollar the bet was raised, till at last Rouleau joyously gathered his last chips and raised the bet once more by the limit, exclaiming as he did so, "Alas! dere ees no more!"

He had played his season's wages that night, but now he would recover all.

De Lacy, whose coolness was undisturbed, though his face showed signs of his many brandy-and-sodas, covered the bet.

"Hola!" exclaimed Rouleau in triumph. "It ees to me!" He threw down his cards and reached for the pile.

"Excuse me," said the lieutenant, quietly looking at Rouleau's cards. "Ah, a straight flush, queen high." Coolly he laid his cards on the table. "Thought you might have had the ace," he said, languidly leaning back in his chair. He, too, held a straight flush, but with the king.

Rouleau gazed, thunderstruck. "Mort

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Dieu!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "The deal was from you."

"Mine," said De Lacy, quietly looking up at the excited Frenchman.

"Ah," cried Rouleau, beside himself. "It is—what you call? One cheat! cheat!"

The lieutenant sat up straight in his chair.

"Do you mean that I cheated you?" he said with slow emphasis. "Beware what you say."

"Oui!" cried the Frenchman—"sac-r-r-ré—so I mean!"

Before the words had well left his lips, and before any one could interfere, De Lacy shot out his arm, lifted the Frenchman clear off his feet, and hurled him to the floor.

"Stop! you coward!" Ranald stood before the lieutenant with eyes blazing and breath coming quick.

"Coward?" said De Lacy, slowly.

"You hit a man unprepared."

"You are prepared, I suppose," replied De Lacy, deliberately.

"Yes! Yes!" cried Ranald, eagerly, the glad light of battle coming into his eyes.

"Good," said De Lacy, slowly, putting back his chair and proceeding to remove his coat.

"Glengarry!" cried Le Noir, raising the battle-cry he had cause to remember so well; and, flinging off his coat upon the floor, he patted Ranald on the back, yelling, "Go in, bully boy!"

"Shut the door, Le Noir," said Ranald, quickly, "and keep it shut."

"De Lacy," cried Harry, "this must not go on! Ranald, think what you are doing!"

"You didn't notice his remark, apparently, St. Clair," said the lieutenant, calmly.

"Never mind," cried Harry; "he was excited, and, anyway, the thing must end here."

"There is only one way. Does he retract?" said De Lacy, quietly.

"Ranald," Harry cried, beseechingly, "you know he is no coward; you did not mean that."

By this time Ranald had himself in hand.

"No," he said, regretfully, forcing himself to speak the truth. "I know he is no coward; I have seen him where no coward would be. But," he added, "he struck a man unguarded, and that was a coward's blow."

"Macdonald," said De Lacy, deliberately, "you are right. True, he called me a cheat, but I should have given him time. Still," he added, rolling up his sleeves, "I hope you will not deprive yourself or me of the privilege of settling this little business."

"I will be glad," said Ranald, his eyes once more lighting up. "Very glad indeed, if you wish."

"Nonsense!" cried Harry, passionately, "I tell you I will not have it! He has given you ample apology, De Lacy; and you, Ranald! I thought a Macdonald never fought except for sufficient cause!" Harry remembered the fighting rule of the Macdonald gang.

"That is true," said Ranald, gravely, "but it was a cruel blow," pointing to Rouleau, who, supported by Le Noir, was sitting on a chair, his face badly cut and bleeding, "and that, too, after taking from him the wages of six months in the bush!"

"I suppose you admit the game was fair," said the lieutenant, moving nearer to Ranald, the threat in his tone evident to all.

"The game was fair," said Ranald, facing De Lacy, "but I will say the lad was no fair match for you!"

"He chose to risk his money, which you were not willing to do." De Lacy felt that he was being put in an unpleasant light, and was determined to anger Ranald beyond control. Ranald caught the sneer.

"If I did not play," he cried, hotly, "it was for no fear of you, or any of you. It was no man's game, whatever," he continued, contemptuously.

"Now, De Lacy," cried Harry again, "let this stop. The man who fights will first fight me!"

"Perhaps Mr. Macdonald would show us how the game should be played," said Mr. Sims, coming as near to a sneer as he dared.

"It would not be hard to show you this game," said Ranald, ignoring Mr. Sims and looking the lieutenant in the eyes, "or perhaps the other!"

"Good!" cried Harry, gladly seizing

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the opportunity of averting a fight. "The game! Take your places, gentlemen!"

The lieutenant hesitated for a moment, as if uncertain what to do; then, with a slight laugh, he said, "Very well, one thing at a time; the other can wait."

"Come on!" cried Harry. "Who goes in? Le Noir, you?"

Le Noir looked at Ranald.

"What you say?"

"No," said Ranald, shortly, "this is my game." With that he turned aside from the table and spoke a few words in a low tone to Le Noir, who assisted Rouleau from the room, and, after some minutes' absence, returned with a little linen bag. Ranald took the bag and began to count out some money upon the table before him.

"I will play to one hundred dollars," he said.

The lieutenant and Mr. Sims each laid the same amount before them upon the table.

"I have not so much on me," said Harry, "but perhaps my 'I O U' will do."

"What shall we say?" said Mr. Sims, "a dollar to play and five dollars limit?"

"Say five and twenty-five," said De Lacy, who was commanding himself with a great effort.

"Is that too high?" said Harry, looking toward Ranald.

"No," said Ranald; "the higher the better."

It was soon evident that Ranald knew the game. He had learned it during the long winter nights in the shanty from Yankee, who was a master at it, and he played it warily and with iron nerve. He seemed to know as by instinct when to retreat and when to pursue; and he played with the single purpose of bleeding the lieutenant dry. Often did he refuse to take toll of Harry or Mr. Sims when opportunity offered, but never once did he allow the lieutenant to escape.

"You flatter me," said the lieutenant, sarcastically, as Ranald's purpose became increasingly clear.

"I will have from you all you have won," replied Ranald, in a tone of such settled resolve that it seemed as if nothing could prevent the accomplishment of his purpose. In vain the lieutenant sought to brace his nerves with his brandy-and-sodas. He played, now recklessly and again with over-caution, while Ranald, taking advantage of every slip and every sign of weakness, followed him with relentless determination.

With such stakes the game was soon over. It was not long before the lieutenant was stripped of his hundred, while Harry and Mr. Sims had each lost smaller amounts.

"You will try another hundred?" said the lieutenant, burning to get revenge.

Without a word Ranald laid down his hundred; the others did likewise, and once more the game proceeded. There was no change in Ranald's play. Thorough knowledge of the game, absolute self-command, an instinctive reading of his opponent's mind, and an unswerving purpose soon brought about the only result possible. The lieutenant's second hundred, with a part of Harry's and Mr. Sims's, passed into Ranald's possession.

Again De Lacy challenged to play.

"No," said Ranald, "I have done." He put back into his linen bag his one hundred dollars, counted out two hundred and gave it to Le Noir, saying, "That is Rouleau's," and threw the rest upon the table.

"I want no man's money," he said, "that I do not earn."

The lieutenant sprang to his feet.

"Hold!" he cried; "you forget, there is something else!"

"No," said Ranald, as Harry and Mr. Sims put themselves in De Lacy's way, "there is nothing else to-night; another day, and any day you wish, you can have the other game," and with that he passed out of the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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The King Alfred Millenary

By Martin W. Sampson

[Professor Sampson, the writer of this article, was one of the American delegates to the Millenary, representing Indiana University and the Modern Languages Association.—THE EDITORS.]

IT was fitting that the thousandth anniversary of the death of Alfred the Great should be commemorated in the capital of the Anglo-Saxon king, the ancient and royal city of Winchester. If the celebration had been held in London, as at one time was proposed, the ceremonies might perhaps have been more imposing, but they could not have been so impressive. For, innumerable as are the historic associations of London, the very vastness of the metropolis prevents even a millenary from affecting the daily routine, while at Winchester the entire activity of the city was, and had been for a long time, concentrated on the great occasion. One felt not merely an intelligent and hospitable community throwing itself heart and soul into the task of making the commemoration worthy of its object, but also the unbroken history of twenty centuries culminating in an expression of honor to the great King whose residence there is the city's chiefest glory. The main note of the commemoration was its perfect appropriateness—nothing was overdone. Indeed, with such a background as Winchester itself, it was only necessary to provide a simple and dignified programme to secure an adequate observance of the occasion.

The celebration, which lasted four days, was attended by delegates from all parts of the English-speaking world. The Royal Societies, the British, Irish, colonial, and American universities, the principal cities, the Church and the State, sent their members, professors, mayors, prelates, and distinguished men, and Winchester received them all, gladly and impartially. Besides the exercises of the unveiling of Mr. Thornycroft's superb colossal statue of Alfred, the programme comprised addresses, receptions, and "personally conducted" visits to the historic places of the city. At each of the places visited an informal talk by some one thoroughly competent to speak preceded the actual inspection. These talks were most varied and delightful; through them all ran a cheerful skepticism regarding moot points; whether here Alfred actually lay buried or whether there hung Arthur's round table were questions smilingly admitted to be very doubtful, the fact being that Winchester is so full to overflowing with authentic historical remains that there was not time to be polemic over possibilities or impossibilities.

On Wednesday, September 18, most of the delegates arrived. The first important visit was to Castle Hall—all that remains of the twelfth-century Castle of Winchester which replaced an earlier fortress of Saxon origin. This noble hall, in historical interest second only to that of William Rufus at Westminster, has served as Parliament hall, royal audience-chamber, and court of justice, and here Sir Walter Raleigh was tried. Against the western wall hangs a great round table decorated with an effigy of King Arthur and the names of twenty-four of his knights. Even if not the actual table of a mythical king, the great board may boast a respectable antiquity of several hundred years, for its center design shows the red and white roses of Lancaster and York, and was pretty certainly painted in the time of Henry VII. Later in the day this hall was the scene of Sir Henry Irving's reading from "Becket." Since England has produced no great drama on Alfred, doubtless nothing more characteristically English than "Becket" could have been chosen for this reading; at any rate, only Canterbury itself could have afforded a finer setting than the great dim hall of unplastered gray stone, standing practically as it stood five hundred years ago. Visits to the site of Hyde Abbey, the burial-place of Alfred (where excavations are still going on with the hope of discovering, if not the actual tomb, at least the circumscribing walls of the building within which the tomb undoubtedly was),

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and to the great Cathedral whose history is not local but national, filled in the daylight hours that were left after Mr. Barrow Simonds's luncheon to the delegates. At this luncheon, as on every other occasion when speeches were in order, the most heartfelt and touching tributes were made to the memory of President McKinley. Nothing could have revealed more vivdly the brotherly attitude of the elder country than the kindly sympathy and attention continuously shown the American visitors by the entire community. The day closed with Mr. Frederic Harrison's brilliant lecture on King Alfred, delivered to an audience that filled the Guildhall to the doors.

Thursday's programme opened with a visit to the beautiful ruins of Wolvesey, rising gray and ivy-topped from the level English turf. What remains of the old castle of Wolvesey to-day was built by the great Norman Bishop of Winchester, Henry de Blois, brother of King Stephen. To the older parts successors in the See made additions still extant. But De Blois's twelfth-century masons used some stones, at least, that had already been shaped by their Saxon forerunners, and the tesselated pavements that have been found close by show the Roman occupation. Wolvesey, then, has had a history of its own; but chiefly it stands out because here Alfred had his court and here the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle was written. Even though no stone now stands in just the place where Alfred's eyes saw it, one had only to look to the little river Itchin and to St. Giles's Hill to see what many a time the King had looked upon. And one perforce let his thoughts stray, wondering whether King Alfred would not have approved just such a ceremony in his honor if he could have foreseen it across a thousand years. For the scene, typical of all the visits, was one of quiet dignity—the old building, rich in the associations of centuries, the charming landscape, and the many visitors standing in an irregular circle, listening with genuine interest to the speaker, who simply and effectively told the things that had happened, those that might have happened, and those that research had shown to be unfounded; and underlying it all was the sense of the unity and mission of the Anglo-Saxon race. Alfred the Truth-teller might indeed have felt that the remote heirs of the learning he cherished were honoring his memory proudly, but, above all, truthfully.

After Wolvesey came Sir John Evans's lecture on the Coinage of King Alfred, and then the visit to the great public school, the College of Winchester, founded by William of Wykeham not far from the time of Chaucer's death. The four or five hundred English boys just returning to school, glowing with health, and turning out at once into the football field and the fives court, made Wykeham's old foundation seem strangely full of youthful vigor. In the evening the Mayor's reception at the Guildhall brought together a brilliant assemblage whose interest readily centered in the series of artistic tableaux illustrating incidents, real and legendary, in the life of Alfred, by no means least attractive among them the episode of the burnt cakes.

Friday was the ceremonial day. Those who were to take part in the procession assembled in the Castle Hall, the length of the town away from the Broadway where the statue had been erected. No one who walked in the splendid line is likely to forget the sight of the narrow High Street sloping from the west gate to the Guildhall and decked with innumerable flags blowing in the fresh breeze, the crowds of eager spectators, and the double line of redcoats between which the procession passed, the procession itself glowing with the colors of the university gowns and hoods and flashing with the gold chains and gilt maces of the civic dignitaries. The music of the bands, the continuous cheering of the crowds, filled one's ears as the color filled one's eyes. The significance of it all, the dominant Anglo-Saxon quality in one's own blood, made the scene unforgetable.

Lord Rosebery's speech at the unveiling was strong and satisfying, and the unveiled statue seemed genuinely to stand for all that could not be said. It is no small compliment to Mr. Thornycroft's genius that in the critical moment his work met all the demands of those who saw it. The banquet which followed at the Guildhall brought out a series of speeches that emphasized again and again the common thought that in the life of Alfred the race had a model as well as a

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memory; and to every speaker "the race" meant, not the British Empire, but the English-speaking people.

A visit to the ancient hospital of St. Cross and the garden party at Stratton, the seat of Lord Northbrook, occupied the greater part of Saturday and brought the celebration to a close. That the commemoration, carried out through the untiring zeal of the Mayor, Alfred Bowker, Esq., was a thoroughly fitting one, no visitor at least can be disposed to question.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Aeneid of Vergil. Books I.–VI. Selections VII.-XII. With Introduction and Notes by Charles Knapp, Ph.D. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 175 pages.

This fresh edition of the masterpiece of the Augustan age has among its many competitors a special claim to regard in its Introduction, in which the literary element comes to the front. While this has been very fairly treated, it requires some further statement to do full justice to Virgil's characteristic charms. For an adequate introduction to the literary study of the poet who holds, as the late Frederic Myers has said, "a unique position, as the only unbroken link between the ancient and modern world," Myers's monograph on Virgil in his volume of "Classical Essays" is indispensable.

Amata. From the German of Richard Voss. By Roger S. G. Boutell. The Neale Publishing Co., Washington. 4½×7 in. 116 pages. $1.

Herr Richard Voss's clever "Amata" has now been translated and published in a clearly printed small volume. The early translation of this tale is a tribute to its success in Germany, where it was published last winter. The translator has known how to preserve the color and atmosphere of the original, describing for us the hot-blooded life of the Roman campagna with its wild deeds and consequent vendetta. Never, so it seems to us, has that life been better interpreted than in this tersely but powerfully written short story.

Arickaree Treasure and Other Brief Tales of Adventurous Montanians. By Albert G. Clarke, Jr. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 232 pages. $1.

Betty Seldon, Patriot. By Adele E. Thompson. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 246 pages. $1.25.

A story dealing with the fortunes of a Connecticut girl of the Revolutionary period, whose father was a captain in the Continental army, while a Tory uncle, on the supposed death of her father, takes her to his home in Pennsylvania. The events are rapid and interesting, and the tone of the book excellently wholesome.

Blue-grass and Rhododendron. By John Fox, Jr. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 294 pages. $1.75, net.

A series of chapters dealing with vital and out-of-door phases of Kentucky life, the material being largely drawn from the mountains whose conformation and the character of whose people and their habits Mr. Fox has studied at first hand. These papers have the freshness of feeling, the directness, and the affectionateness, so to speak, which characterizes Mr. Fox's work in fiction. He knows Kentucky, not only with the eye, but with the heart. No better studies of the mountaineer have appeared than those which are to be found in this volume. The whole book breathes the atmosphere of Kentucky.

Book of the Greenhouse (The). By J. C. Tallack, F.R.H.S. Illustrated. John Lane, New York. 5×7½ in. 103 pages.

The second volume of the series of gardening handbooks entitled "Handbooks for Practical Gardening" concerns itself with the greenhouse. Like its predecessor, it is the work of a practical gardener. It contains many a hint for those who wish to get the most out of their greenhouses. The most valuable chapter of all seems to us that one, of only four pages, entitled "The Little Town Greenhouse."

Boy of Old Japan (A). By R. Van Bergen. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 246 pages. $1.25.

A boy story of unusual value, told by an author well versed in Japanese and Chinese matters. The boy of the story is one yet untouched by the influence of Western ideas, and the home life of Japan is described with sympathy and skill, and contrasted with innovations of more recent date. The illustrations are admirable.

Church, the Churches, and the Mysteries; or, Revelation and Corruption. By G. H. Pember, M.A. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago. 5½×8½ in. 554 pages. $2.25, net.

This externally attractive volume has been written in reproof of a declension within the Church from Scriptural standards of truth. Such there is, and there is, as the author contends, a paganizing of Christianity in the sacerdotalism of to-day. But that he, a British Baptist apparently, is disqualified for judicious dealing with his subject is evident in the literalism with which he reads his Bible. The prologue to the Book of Job, for instance, is accepted as a matter of fact: "God comes down from time to time to receive the reports of his angels, and to hold a great assize for the

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decision of cases which are too important or too hard for them."

Civil War and the Constitution, 1859-1865 (The). By John W. Burgess, Ph.D., LL.D. (The American History Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 2 vols. 5×7½ in. Per vol., $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

College Algebra. By James Harrington Boyd, Ph.D. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 5¼×8½ in. 787 pages.

This ample volume contrasts, perhaps formidably to some, but significantly of a great advance, with the meager treatises current years ago. Some of the topics usually treated now in such manuals have been omitted for their infrequency of application prior to entrance upon more advanced courses, and their place is occupied by more extended study of topics more immediately important. A marked feature of the work is its ample collection of exercises largely new in American colleges. Professor Boyd's work takes place at once in the foremost rank.

Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley (The). Edited by George Edward Woodberry. (Cambridge Edition.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 631 pages. $2.

The addition of Shelley's works to the series of Cambridge editions brings the authoritative text between the covers of a single volume of clear typography and moderate size with all the accessories which are necessary to an intelligent study of the poet. Like the other volumes in this series, the text is printed in double columns from clear type. It is furnished with a biographical sketch by Mr. George E. Woodberry, who has edited Shelley in another form. The notes and illustrations are mainly confined to the more important and significant works, and, as a rule, are limited to simple explanations of the text, to the principal sources and parallel passages in the poets familiar to Shelley, and to cross-references of a kind which bring out his ideas and habit of mind, with a few critical comments.

Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology. Vol. I. Edited by James Mark Baldwin, Ph.D., Hon. D.Sc., Hon. LL.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 7½×10¾ in. 644 pages.

The undertaking of such a work as this is of practical significance for two objects of high importance—promoting the interests of education in the subjects treated, and, as one indispensable means thereto, clarifying current thought in the way of definition, statement, and terminology. For the latter purpose, in particular, the sixty-five editors and contributors to this work, all specialists, American, English, French, German, and Italian, may be regarded as an international committee to clear away the ambiguities and irrelevancies of much modern writing by definitions they hope may be accepted as authoritative. As to the field they cover, they regard philosophy, on the one hand, in a twofold view, as "the philosophy that is science, and the philosophy that criticises and transforms science with a view to the demands of life." Their treatment of philosophy exemplifies the change that has come upon it, turning it to face science and modern life rather than logic and ancient life. On the other hand, it is upon psychology that most of the lines of this work converge, as the meeting-point between biology and all the objective sciences on one side, and on the other the moral sciences and philosophy. Individual readers may find the work at various points unsatisfactory. In such cases the issue will lie between individual and collective opinion. There is hardly anything in the work in which the conclusions of the writer of the article have not the indorsement of the board of consulting editors—a group of high authority. That the range and variety of the matter included is far wider than the title suggests, some twenty topics taken at random will show: Chance, Change, Chastity, Chiliasm, Chiromancy, Christian Science, Christology, Choice, Chord, Clairvoyance, Cleptomania, Color Blindness, Comic, Competition, Conscience, Contagion, Corporation, Creed, Criminal, Culture. Biography appears to be an unimportant feature, reduced to mention only of salient facts. What one seeks in this field appears in the remarkably ample bibliography, and in articles on the important movements of thought. Such a work as this is a noble monument of enterprise and learning. While it is an international work, its American leadership is a legitimate cause for National congratulation.

Did She Fail? By Anna Fielding. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 130 pages. 50c.

Early Conversion. By the Rev. E. Payson Hammond, M.A. (The Sunnyside Series.) J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 232 pages. 25c.

Ethnic Trinities and their Relation to the Christian Trinity: A Chapter in the Comparative History of Religions. By Levi Leonard Paine, D.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 378 pages. $1.75, net.

A broad historical as well as philosophical presentation of the trinitarian idea, tracing its presence in all world-religions, and developing its growth especially in the Hindu, Zoroastrian, and Greek. Reserved for longer notice.

Everyday Children. By M. C. Emmel. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 147 pages. 50c.

Evolution and Its Bearing on Religions. By A. J. Dadson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 264 pages. $1.25, net.

This is rather a dreary volume, telling us that "a future life is unthinkable," that it is uncertain whether Jesus be a man or a myth, that matter is the substantial thing, and life an evanescent property of it. From such "science falsely so called" one turns with relief to such a book as Powell's "Our Heredity from God." Against the pretensions of Mr. Dadson to speak as a naturalist for sheer materialism Professor Shaler, Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard, speaks with authority in his recent book, "The Individual:"—the facts of nature cannot be explained "except on the supposition that a mighty kinsman of man is at work behind it all;" to which he adds that the phenomena of death justify no well-trained observer in concluding that the mind does not survive. Mr. Dadson's conception of modern Christianity seems to be based upon his observation of Roman Catholicism and the reactionary theologians of the Anglican Church. A wider induction of facts

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might have led him to another conclusion than that Christianity is merely a set of authorized formularies intended to contradict human reason.

Famous Actors of the Day in America. By Lewis C. Strang. (Second Series.) Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4¼×7 in. 343 pages. $1.50.

The second volume of "Famous Actors of the Day" forms a history of the American stage during the past few seasons. It includes biography and criticism of such actors as Messrs. Sothern and John Drew (two specially interesting chapters), Goodwin, Mason, Williams, Gillette, Arden, Mansfield, Faversham, Stuart Robson, James O'Neill, Herne, Arbuckle, Crane, Miller, Blair, Jewett, Mann, and Richman. It also includes articles on Messrs. Willard and Hare, though these articles hardly seem in place in a work on the American stage. The author, however, forestalls any adverse comment by frankly conceding that he has no valid excuse to offer. His volume is sure to receive deservedly wide reading, and, since it contains not a little keen literary and dramatic criticism, from others than those who want to be informed concerning the lives and careers of actors.

Fearless Bible Reading: A Voice from the Pews. By John S. Hawley. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 257 pages.

Mr. Hawley is grossly unfair, not intentionally, but through gross ignorance—so far as his book testifies to his knowledge—of what Christian scholars have done during the thirty-nine years since Bishop Colenso published his famous book to dispel the delusion that the Bible is not inspired unless it be free from errors. If Mr. Hawley dwelt among Hard-shell Southern Baptists, he might be excused for thinking it needful to thresh over Mr. Ingersoll's straw as he has done. He lives where the work of the historical critics, who have already led great numbers to a rational regard for the Bible as the record of a unique religious development from darkness to light, has been widely reported, but he does not seem to know it. He has an eye only for the blind conservatism of the reactionary element in its struggle against the new learning of the Church, and writes as if this represented the whole body of the Church. The redeeming feature of his book is its recognition of the spiritual leadership of Jesus, and the Creed he proposes as a basis for Christian unity is substantially the same as the Unitarian basis of fellowship. It is very certain that Channing and Whittier, James Freeman Clarke, Edward Everett Hale, and others in Mr. Hawley's list of fifty great Americans who have repudiated "orthodox dogmatism" would counsel him, instead of exhibiting the errors and legends found in the Bible to the ridicule of the thoughtless, to see behind them the evidence of an increasing purpose, and a growing of the raw pupils of the Spirit into ripeness for the teaching of Jesus.

George Whitefield, M.A., Field-Preacher. By James Paterson Gledstone. The American Tract Society, New York. 5½×8 in. 359 pages. $1.25.

It is enough to say of this biography of an extraordinary man that it does not fall below the requirements of its theme. For doing it justice Mr. Gledstone is well qualified by long interest in it, the fruit of which appeared in his book, now out of print, published some thirty years ago. The world has not seen another Whitefield since the death of the great preacher at Newburyport, Mass., in 1770. It is time for the century plant of his peculiar genius to bloom again, and there is nothing which our times need more. Such a book as this kindles desire for it, and may be a means of hastening it in due time.

God's Whispered Secrets. By Gerard B. F. Hallock, D.D. The American Tract Society, New York. 5×7¾ in. 77 pages. 50c.

Grasshoppers' Hop (The) and Other Verses. By Zitella Cocke. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 113 pages. 50c.

A series of verses for young people. Humorous, quaint, and entertaining. They are selected from "St. Nicholas," the "Youth's Companion," and other publications in which they first appeared.

Handy Dictionary of Prose Quotations. Handy Dictionary of Poetical Quotations. Edited by George W. Powers. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4×6 in. Per vol., 50c.

Heather's Mistress. By Amy Le Feuvre. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 291 pages. $1.50.

The author aims for a more religious tone and ethical purpose than is common in the popular present-day story for girls. Twin girls, whose baptismal names are respectively Drusilla and Priscilla, but nicknamed Heather and Bluebell by a Scotch mother, are left orphans and reared in a stern English Puritan household. From this they escape through a cousin into the gay world of London society. There is plenty of incident and character-play, and the whole story is well sustained.

Her Grace's Secret. By Violet Tweedale. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 471 pages. $1, net.

Hero of the Hills (The). By G. Waldo Browne. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5¼×8 in. 312 pages. $1.

The famous capture of Louisburg forms the burden of this story. The great struggle between the English and French, the part played in it by the Indians, and the dramatic episodes of capture and escape are remarkably well told, and with more sense of justice towards the Indian than is common in popular tales for boys.

History of England (A): From the Earliest Times to the Death of Queen Victoria. By Benjamin Terry, Ph.D. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 5½×8¼ in. 1,100 pages.

Professor Terry has shown originality in selecting and organizing the copious material at hand. Some intimation of this appears in a glance at the parts into which he has distributed it—"Teutonic England, Feudal England, National England, Imperial England." He has interwoven with the political history an account of the constitutional and social development of the nation, and the epochal periods and personages receive attention commensurate with their importance. The whole work is vitalized by a large measure of the personal element in character sketches felici-

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tously drawn. In so extensive a field one will, of course, find something to except to, but it is no small praise of this work to say that it ranks with Green's "Short History of the English People."

Holiday Songs and Every-Day Songs and Games. By Emilie Poulsson. Music by Various Composers. Illustrated. The Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. 9½×13 in. 123 pages. $2.

A really artistic work for children and young people. Songs for every festival in the year, songs for many noted personages, from George Washington to names less famous, are here arranged and set to music by various composers. The illustrations, by L. J. Bridgman, are charming. The music to the season songs breathes the very spirit of the thing sought for.

How to Make Baskets. By Mary White. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 194 pages. $1.

This volume has evidently come forth because of the late revival of interest in basketry. It is a practical guide to the work, copiously illustrated with examples of ancient Indian work—from which all later work proceeds—and giving a detailed and full description of methods and materials used. It is an effort towards saving aboriginal art from passing into mere tradition.

How to Save New York. By John Martin. The Civic Council, 128 East Twenty-eighth Street, New York. 5½×8½ in. 51 pages. 10c.

Hubert von Herkomer, R.A.: A Study and a Biography. By A. L. Baldry. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 10×14 in. 136 pages. $15.

Reserved for later notice.

Jaconetta, Her Loves. By M. E. M. Davis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 152 pages. 85 cents, net.

A description of childhood on a large plantation in the far South, written undoubtedly from experience, and touched throughout with intimate knowledge which comes from recollection rather than from imagination. Jaconetta's loves are dolls, animals, and persons. They succeed one another in swift succession, and her period of loving, as recorded in this book, is ended only when the tragedy of the Civil War breaks in upon the peace of childhood.

Jonas Brand; or, Living Within the Law. By Jane Valentine. (Second Edition.) The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 263 pages.

Karezza: Ethics of Marriage. By Alice B. Stockham, M.D. (New Edition.) The Stockham Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7¼ in. 144 pages. $1.

Last Days of the French Monarchy (The). By Sophia H. MacLehose. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 391 pages. $2.25.

Students of French history will welcome this clearly and impressively written account of the last days of the French Monarchy before the Revolution. The book is specially to be recommended to those lovers of Dumas who have obtained their notions of the history of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. from "Les Mémoires d'un Médecin" and "Le Collier de la Reine." Readers of these novels may be gratified to find that Dumas keeps closer to the facts of history than is commonly supposed.

Little Puritan Pioneer (A). By Edith Robinson. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 74 pages. 50c.

Incidentally telling the primitive love story of the childhood of Anne Chilton and William Pollard, this tiny volume is otherwise valuable for the artistic manner in which it makes one feel the atmosphere of dawning social life amid the terrible and lonely surroundings of the first New England colonists. Prominent among its personages are Anne Bradstreet and Blaxton, the hermit, an ex-Church of England divine, whose domicile marked the spot now covered by the Boston State House.

Lem: A New England Village Boy. By Noah Brooks. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 301 pages. $1, net.

This story has an air of reality that must appeal strongly to boys. Its scenes are laid amid the customs of half a century ago, but its human nature belongs to no especial period. It has fun and adventure galore.

Man and the Crime (The). An Address. By Philip Stafford Moxom, D.D. F. A. Bassette Co., Springfield, Mass. 4½×7 in. 15 pages.

Message of the College to the Church (The): A Course of Sunday Evening Addresses in Lent, 1901. Delivered in the Old South Church, Boston. By Professor Francis Greenwood Peabody and Presidents William De Witt Hyde, Arthur T. Hadley, Franklin Carter, George Harris, and William Jewett Tucker. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5¼×7¾ in. 170 pages. 75c.

Under this title are included the six discourses given during the Sunday evenings of Lent, this year, in the Old South Church, Boston, by Professor Peabody, of Harvard, and Presidents Hyde, Hadley, Carter, Harris, and Tucker. The New England colleges sprang up primarily in the interests, not of science, but of the churches, to furnish them with educated leaders. This constitutional idea of the relation of the college to the church is full warrant both for the utterance and for the welcome of such a "message" as this, especially at the opening of a new century. The burden of it is that better things are expected of the churches both in an intellectual and a religious, a civic and an ethical point of view. The topics discussed are both varied and timely, their treatment by acknowledged leaders of thought is masterly. The message carries quickening to all who hear it, in college, church, or home.

Mighty Deep and What We Know of It (The). By Agnes Giberne. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 290 pages.

No more valuable book than this has been put forth in popular form of late. It makes no attempt at being a text-book, but its information is quite as accurate as if it took that form. A vast amount of knowledge concerning the sea has been gained within the past few years, and it is here practically embodied in form most readable. The sea's animal and vegetable life, its innumerable deposits, its coral and other treasures, are all depicted, and from results gained by the latest scientific explorations.

Modern Athens. By George Horton. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×8½ in. 91 pages. $1.25.

Ever since the publication of Mr. Marion

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Crawford's "Constantinople" we have hoped to welcome the appearance of a book of similar size, binding, and general scope on Athens. That wish is now realized. If Mr. Horton's book is not quite so charming as was Mr. Crawford's, it is perhaps because the other was first in the field, and therefore gave the delight of novelty. The present volume, however, both in text and illustration, is a notable contribution to public information concerning present-day Athens—indeed, we know of no work in which the peculiar atmosphere which obtains there is more accurately or vividly reproduced.

Modern Chemistry: With Its Practical Applications. By Fredus N. Peters, A.M. Illustrated. Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 412 pages.

Monsieur Paul de Fere. By Anthony E. Wills. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 211 pages. $1.

Nest of Linnets (A). By F. Frankfort Moore. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 417 pages. $1.50.

Whoever has read this author's "Jessamy Bride" of a few seasons ago will hail with delight this present story, which brings them again face to face with most of the personages of the former story. A wonderful group of people grace these pages. The immortally brilliant Richard Brinsley Sheridan may be called its hero, inasmuch as he is the lover of its lovely heroine, Miss Linley, the famous singer, who became Sheridan's first wife. The whole remarkable family to which she belonged give title to the book. Garrick, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua, Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson, Thomas Sheridan, elocutionist and lexicographer and father of Richard, Burke, and others who formed a unique galaxy flit through these pages and give forth color of life.

New Swiss Family Robinson (The). By Helen Pomeroy. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 279 pages. $1.

New York City Standard Guide (The): A New and Complete Handbook for Visitors to New York and for New Yorkers. Illustrated. Foster & Reynolds, New York. 5×8¼ in. 156 pages. 25c.

Old Glory: A Romance of Baltimore. By Lulu Katherine Eubank. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 245 pages. $1.

Old King Cole's Book of Nursery Rhymes. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8½×11 in. 99 pages. $1.75.

A delightful bevy of the most time-honored rhymes and jingles handed down through the ages for the delectation of babyhood is here arranged in good type, and illustrated with all the resources of brightly tinted modern art.

Passing of Capitalism (The), and the Mission of Socialism. By Isador Ladoff. The Debs Publishing Co., Terre Haute, Ind. 5×7½ in. 160 pages. 25c.

Plutarch's Themistocles and Aristides. Newly Translated by Bernadotte Perrin. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×8¾ in. 342 pages. $2.50, net.

That biography is a most effective vehicle of ethical teaching is an ancient idea frequently brought forward to-day. The classical pioneer in this line is Plutarch, whose "Parallel Lives" of noble Greeks and Romans still carry an unfading charm, and link the modern world to the ancient in an ethical sympathy. For the present volume Professor Perrin has happily chosen two strongly contrasting characters, both capable men and patriotic, rivals for leadership in Athens, and each distinguished for great public services, but morally unlike—Themistocles the self-seeker, and Aristides the just. An excellent specimen of historical criticism is given in the Notes, showing how these characteristic traits have been distorted and magnified by legendary accretions. Aside from the immortal interest of Plutarch's narratives, Professor Perrin's Introduction and Notes constitute a valuable contribution to classical learning.

Raphia and Reed Weaving: A Practical Course for Primary and Elementary Schools. By Elizabeth Sanborn Knapp. Illustrated. The Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. 5¼×8 in. 132 pages.

Satires and Epistles of Horace. Introduction and Notes by John Carew Rolfe. (College Latin Series.) Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 5×7½ in. 406 pages. $1.40.

Selections from Twice-Told Tales. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Edited by Charles Robert Gaston. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¼×5¾ in. 199 pages. 25c.

Shacklett: The Evolution of a Statesman. By Walter Barr. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 392 pages. $1.50.

As a study of the unfoldment of character this story is far ahead of the average novel. The scenes are laid mainly in Illinois. There is little plot other than that growing out of political interests and complications, and the attitude of two men—a rising politician and a clergyman, respectively—who love the same woman. There is little preaching and no moral posing. The characters come before us, act and react upon one another much as we observe people do in daily life, only with the benefit we obtain from catching occasional glimpses behind the scenes. In Noel Shacklett we watch the unconscious unfolding of innate moral force, which makes no professions and is neither propelled, retarded, nor turned aside by circumstances or the machinations of others, till his career ends in the sort of tragedy that seems inevitable and fitting.

Stars in Song and Legend (The). By Jermain G. Porter, Ph.D. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 129 pages. 55c.

A dainty little book with artistic illustrations, setting forth the sun, moon, zodiacal signs, and all the astral lore symbolized by the ancients into forms that have filtered down even into modern life. Choice bits of mythical knowledge and classical allusions are indicated in a way to stimulate the quest of the reader who desires more.

Story of Manhattan (The). By Charles Hemstreet. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×7 in. 249 pages. $1, net.

The square page, woodcut illustration, and the style of typography give Mr. Hemstreet's book a slightly but not oppressively antique look, as befits its subject matter. It tells vividly the story of Manhattan from the days of Henry Hudson to the end of the existence of what is now only a borough in New York City, although it was for two hundred years the city of New York itself. Mr. Hemstreet

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by his previous published work has made for himself a definite position as a special student and historian of New York. He knows and loves every bit of antiquity still existing in the city, and no one could possibly be better fitted than he to write a picturesque narrative of that city's growth. The style in which the book is written is admirably clear. It is no doubt designed primarily for the reading of young people, to whom, as well as their elders, the work may be heartily and cordially commended. The illustration is abundant and well chosen.

Sunshine Books. Experience. Soul Growth. The Heart's Desire. Men, Women, and Loving. Worry and Cheer. A Dip in the Pool. By Barnetta Brown. The Abbey Press, New York. 3×5½ in. Single copies, 25c. Set of six, in a neat case, $1.50.

Teaching of Jesus (The). By George Barker Stevens, Ph.D., D.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 190 pages. 75c.

Brevity and clearness are prominent merits in Professor Stevens's treatment of a subject so rich in material. Theologically, its characteristics are those of the liberal orthodox school. The Fourth Gospel, being regarded as "an interpretation of Jesus' words and deeds" rather than as a chronicle of them, is used as a secondary source for this exposition, which is based primarily on the Synoptic Gospels. Jesus' sonship to God is laid in a unique, inscrutable union with God, but whether this union were ethical only, or metaphysical also, is left as a problem outside the present purpose. Jesus' promised coming again is exhibited as a spiritual conception, and the idea found in the Synoptic Gospels of a spectacular coming in the clouds as a product of his disciples' misunderstanding through their preconceived notions of the Messiah. The doctrine of an endless punishment cannot properly be derived from Jesus' sayings. The question whether the terms "resurrection" and "judgment," as used by Jesus, denote a present process or a future event, Dr. Stevens leaves somewhat open, but with an obvious preference for the former view. As a textbook for schools and Bible classes, and a manual for private study, this succinct, lucid, and judicious exposition seems well adapted to a present need and a wide use.

Through Persia on a Side-Saddle. By Ella C. Sykes. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5½×8¾ in. 313 pages.

Recent concentration of interest in Persia gives special point to the publication of Miss Sykes's book. Her volume forms another illustration of the fact that the Oriental point of view is not the European. We learn better why it is not the European from such a picture of Oriental life as is found in this volume than from any books on Oriental politics. Miss Sykes's journey embraced a course from Baku on the Caspian Sea to Teheran, the capital of Persia, and thence to Karachi in India, returning along the shores of the Arabian Sea and the Persian Gulf to Bushir, Busra, and Shuster. This itinerary was as picturesque as could be imagined, and it was also as interesting as could be taken, since Miss Sykes skirted the Eastern mountain frontier, perhaps soon to be the scene of armed activity, and visited the ports which have long been coveted by three great Powers. Hence the volume is well worth reading, both by the lover of travel stories and by the student of contemporary politics.

Van Dwellers (The): A Strenuous Quest for a Home. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 191 pages. 75c.

In this volume the author of "The Bread Line" gives us a humorous account of the pursuit of a small home in a great city. The pursuit gives rise to endless and ludicrous complications.

Victors (The): A Romance of Yesterday Morning and This Afternoon. By Robert Barr. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 567 pages.

Mr. Barr's "victors" are they to whom the spoils belong, according to the old political adage. Of three young peddlers who meet on a Western road, one becomes the Boss of Tammany in New York City; the others the partners in a mammoth department store. How they reach those heights of greatness, what strain is put upon their ideas of honesty, what personal adventures they undergo—all aid in making up a story of considerable vigor, and one decidedly original in its subject. It is a pity that the peddler who becomes the Tammany Boss is made to talk so volubly in the opening chapters. This is in accordance with his character, but to the decided weariment of the reader. It is only when the middle of the story is reached that it becomes vivid and strenuous. The methods by which power is gained in Tammany and the way in which blackmail is collected from citizens are brought out clearly, and the book may well afford good campaign material for the political fight now on.

Voyage Autour de Ma Chambre. By Xavier de Maistre. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Edition de Luxe. 5×8¼ in. 157 pages. $7.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

When We Destroyed the Gaspee: A Story of Narragansett Bay in 1772. By James Otis. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 98 pages. 75c.

Another romance possessing all those qualities which make this author's stories popular. It relates to the exploits of his Majesty's schooner Gaspee, sent to Narragansett Bay in 1772 to enforce the unpopular revenue acts.

Who's the Author? A Guide to the Notable Works in American Literature. By Louis Harman Peet. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 317 pages. 50c.

A compact little book of reference in which one can easily find the authorship of American novels, stories, essays, speeches, songs, and general writings.

With "Bobs" and Krüger. By Frederick William Unger. Illustrated. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5½×8 in. 412 pages. $2.

Mr. Frederick Unger, war correspondent of the London "Daily Express," is the latest writer on the Boer war to give us in book form an account of his experiences. Mr. Unger was present during Lord Roberts's early operations in the field, and was then sent secretly to correspond with his paper from the

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Boer side. While he does not pretend to write a history of the war, he gives what to the general reader is perhaps more interesting, a concise and vivid statement of his personal experiences with both Britons and Boers. His book is illustrated with more than a hundred and fifty half-tones from his own photographs in the field, and we have to say that his text merits better illustration. The book reminds us somewhat of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "With Both Armies." These authors were more fortunate than were most correspondents in being able to write, not from one, but from two, standpoints. Both books are somewhat egotistical, but it is certainly difficult for a man accurately to describe his rough-and-tumble life in the Transvaal and not be egotistical. We especially like Mr. Unger's straight-out-from-the-shoulder description of how he gets on in the world, despite drawbacks which might have frightened off less indomitably willed men.

With Taylor on the Rio Grande. By Captain Ralph Bonehill. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 287 pages. $1.25.

An exciting and cleverly constructed story laid amid the scenes of the Mexican War. The spirit of adventure is unflagging, the tone manly, brave, wholesome.

Widow Robinson and Other Sketches (The). By Benjamin W. Williams. The Abbey Press, New York. 4¾×7½ in. 122 pages. 50c.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

1. I am interested along the lines of what is revelation. What's the use of it? Is the Bible authoritative? Can you suggest some books that will help me? 2. Are such books as Alexander's and McIlvaine's "Evidences of Christianity" to be followed in the light of modern discovery and modern thinking? If not, can you suggest some substitutes?
G. E. D.

I. See Dr. Bruce's "Chief End of Revelation" (The A. D. F. Randolph Company, New York), and President Hyde's "God's Education of Man" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, about $1.25 each). 2. These books are better adapted to past than to present conditions. The best evidences are those manifest in the conquests and changes wrought by Christian missions. See Dennis's "Christian Missions and Social Progress" (The Revell Company, New York, $2). For evidences supplied by Christian learning, see Row's "Manual of Christian Evidences" (T. Whittaker, New York, 75 cents).

The writer, a young man, wishes to get a good commentary on the New Testament; also a book that will help him as a teacher in Sunday-school room. Please name some that in your opinion would help me to understand the New Testament, giving prices.
L. M. W.

Whatever book of the New Testament you are studying, the corresponding volume of the Cambridge Bible for Schools will serve well for a commentary (The Macmillan Company, New York; prices from 40 cents to $1.10). The three small volumes entitled "The Messages of Jesus," "The Messages of Paul," and "The Messages of the Apostles," with their introductions and paraphrase of the text, will also be helpful (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, about $1 each). "Teaching and Teachers," by Dr. Trumbull, will meet your other request (Scribners, $1.25).

Please publish the address of the Secretary, President, or head of the Summer School for Philanthropic Workers, noticed on page 945 of your issue of August 24.
L. F. B.

The proper person to address with reference to this school is Mr. Edward T. Devine, Secretary of the Charity Organization Society of New York, 105 East Twenty-second Street.

Kindly give the title, author, and publisher of some of the best helps or books respecting work with boys in the church. I want plans for interesting them and enlisting them in the work of the different departments.
W. P. M.

Address the General Alliance of Christian Workers with Boys, 34 Chestnut Street, Charlestown, Mass. See also "The Boy Problem, a Study in Social Psychology" (The Sabbath Literature Company, Albany, N. Y., 25 cents).

Kindly inform me as to what editions of Paley—"Evidences" and "Natural Theology"—are most commendable? If you would also recommend such literature—critical and conservative—as you deem helpful to a modern student of Paley, I shall be very grateful.
W. R. Y.

We suppose Harper's is as good as any. On the Evidences, see answer in this column to "G. E. D." On Natural Theology, see Martineau's "Study of Religion," particularly on "Teleology"—for which consult the index (The Macmillan Company, New York, $2.60).

What books would you advise to read to a man who wants to get acquainted with the history of Christianity, especially that of the Apostolic age?
J. J. A.

If your friend desires a popularly written book, recommend Bartlet's "Apostolic Age," the first volume of the Epochs of Church History Series. Uhlhorn's "Conflict of Christianity with Heathenism" is also good for the early period. If he desires a work for critical students, recommend McGiffert's "Apostolic Age." (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, $2, $2.50, $2.50.)

Kindly give me the name of the most reliable historical atlas, one useful as a reference-book in reading and traveling.
J. W.

Kiepert and Wolff's "Historical School Atlas" (Berlin; costing here probably $1.50) contains nearly forty maps covering the field of history from about 500 B.C. to 1871 A.D. It can probably be procured through Brentano, Union Square, New York.

Can you direct me to some standard work on mental telegraphy or telepathy? Something that goes into the science of the thing rather than manifestations of the phenomena?
C. B. F.

See Podmore's "Apparitions and Thought Transference" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), also Dr. Osgood Mason's "Telepathy and the Subliminal Self."

Can any of your readers tell me where the inclosed quotation can be found?

"As the Grecian mother to the child upon her knee
Sang of the land's heroic songs,
Sang of Thermopylæ, of Marathon,
Of proud Platæa's day,
Until the neighboring hills, from peak to peak,
Answered the resounding lay."
R. M. L.

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Its True Character

Catarrh is Not a Local Disease

Although physicians have known for years that catarrh was not a local disease, but a constitutional or blood disorder, yet the mass of the people still continue to believe it is simply a local trouble and try to cure it with purely local remedies, like powders, snuffs, ointments, and inhalers.

These local remedies, if they accomplish anything at all, simply give a very temporary relief, and it is doubtful if a permanent cure of catarrh has ever been accomplished by local sprays, washes, and inhalers. They may clear the mucous membrane from the excessive secretion, but it returns in a few hours as bad as ever, and the result can hardly be otherwise because the blood is loaded with catarrhal poison, and it requires no argument to convince any one that local washes and sprays have absolutely no effect on the blood.

Dr. Ainsworth says, "I have long since discontinued the use of sprays and washes for catarrh of head and throat, because they simply relieve and do not cure.

For some time past I have used only one treatment for all forms of catarrh, and the results have been uniformly good; the remedy I use and recommend is Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, a pleasant and harmless preparation sold by druggists at 50c., but my experience has proven one package of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets to be worth a dozen local treatments.

The tablets are composed of Hydrastin, Sanguinaria, Red Gum, Guaiacol, and other safe antiseptics, and any catarrh sufferer can use them with full assurance that they contain no poisonous opiates and that they are the most reasonable and successful treatment for radical cure of catarrh at present known to the profession."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are large, pleasant tasting 20 grain lozenges, to be dissolved in the mouth and reach the delicate membranes of throat and trachea, and immediately relieve any irritation, while their final action on the blood removes the catarrhal poison from the whole system. All druggists sell them at 50c. for complete treatment.

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Mr. A. C. WALLIN, Prairie du Chien, Wis., Jan. 19, 1901, writes: I have used the Strength-Giver, Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, in my family for a number of years, and have NEVER KNOWN IT FAIL to restore the debilitated man, woman, or languid, hollow-eyed little one to its wonted health.

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